

WHIGGS
[Supplication]
A
MOCK-POEM

In Two PARTS.

By Sam. Colvil.



EDINBURGH,
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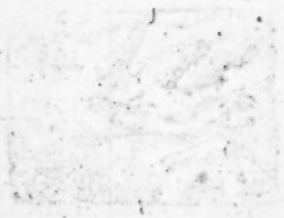
WHIGS

Supplication

MOCKBOM

AND SARRIS

By Sam. Colvill



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THE
AUTHORS
APPOLOGY to the
READER

CHRISTIAN Reader,

Verjes are like Ladies Faces, good or bad
as they are fancied (saith Don Quix-
ot) and Mock Poems, which bite
not, are like Eggs eaten without Salt
(saith another of the same Metal) that is, whose
Tongue was a great deal wiser than his head.

In those following Lines I am more tart to none
then to my self: And therefore I may be excused if
I tell in Rhime, how some used me in Prose; I speak
Truth which is expedient to be known, and therefore
no Lawyer will averr I transgress the Law.

With all the World beside, I am like a blind man,
dealing blows, not knowing whom I hit: If any shall
challeng me that I touch them, I will answer, that
I knew not so much before they informed me, as an-
swered that famous Satyrist to a Noble Roman,
who expostulated with him for smiting him in a Poem.

I am many ways wronged; And first, by Tran-
scribers

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scribes, who stealing Copies of my Lines, have transmitted them every where, like Pictures on the wrong side of Arras Hangings, spotted with Thrums and Threads, or like Faces disfigured by the Pox, great or small, as ye please: Or like Sermons repeated by Children and Serving Lasses in a Presbyterian Family Exercise, or like one of Bishop Andrews Sermons reproached the other day by an Expectant, in his Episcopal Tryal for the Ministry.

I am, Secondly, wronged by false Coppies, and that by Men either malicious to bring me to trouble, or ignorant, not apprehending my Scoops, who in stead of mending my Lines, have marred them all. And who striving to pull me out of the mire, hath thrown me into the well, not to wash me, but to drown me: Or into the fire, not to dry me, but to burn me.

Thirdly, I am most of all prejudged by the late Dutch War which occasioned the bringing in of such superfluous of Brandie, which entering the brain of some of the worshippers of Baccus, hath there basted gosses of my Lines, like that of Orleans, destroying the Text.

Those Brandy Interpreters may be compared to Children espying shapes and figures in the fire; Or to those who are giddie with drink, imagining Apparitions in the Clouds; or to old Wives Commenting on Merlins or Rymets Prophecies; Or to bad Divines expounding the Revelation, who obtrude groundless fancies upon the ignorant multitude, for Evangelicall Truths.

If those Gentlemen hit my meaning, any Censure is

to the Reader.

too little for me; If not, no punishment is too great for them, and that for two Reasons.

First, Because they apply passages of my Lines to Men of honour, of whom (GOD is my Witness) I did not dream. Secondly, Because they make the World believe I am biting those whose wounds I am picking, given by the biting of other Dogs.

These things considered, it is easy to answer all which is objected against me. And first, Some of the Society of Gotham Collidge had an intention to burn my Lines, because I bring in Whiggs speaking too boldly in the Supplication, and else where. But I answer, if those Gentlemen speak as they think, I commend their Zeal, but not their Wisdom; And whoever shall take the pains to burn them for witchees, will lose both Coals and Labour. I demand of them, if one should pen a play of the powder-plot, and bring in the Conspirators, exhorting each other to blow up the Parliament-house, who will tax the Author of Treason? or who will tax the Psalmist of Atheism for averring, The fool hath said in his heart, there is not a GOD! All not meer ignorants know it is permitted to Poets, good or bad, to personate a Discourse, that is, to bring in Rebels speaking Treason, and Atheists Blasphemy; And why may not I a Poetaster, or Poets Ape, bring in fools speaking foolishly, and Wise Men Wisely, and yet be neither a wise man nor a fool my self? And if I be neither, I must either be a mix'd man, or else nothing. And in effect, some call me a mix'd man, others nothing: But since those who call me nothing

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are highly offended at me, they must of necessity confess they are offended at nothing: I am more charitable to them, I think they are something. What sort of thing it is, all the world knoweth, whatever it be, it is worse then nothing.

They object, secondly, That without Authority I have imposed a grievous Taxation upon the Leidges, in exacting five Dollers for every Copy, which may be called treason.

But I answer, since I charge them not with borrowing to make payment, the worst they can call it is but begging, which it is not, but a nameless Comestick, *Do ut des.* And at first I did not dream of taking money for those Lines, until some known bitter enemies to the Presbyterians enforced each of them five Dollers on me for a Copy: They told me, I might as well take money for Rhime, as Ministers and Lawyers for prose, and Physicians for nothing, and worse then nothing; some pleading, preaching, and curing (it is true) deserves money a great deal better then my Lines; But it is as true, that some of all three deserves it worse; if my Lines do no good, they do no hurt to the Souls, Bodies, or Estates of any.

Secondly, I demand money of no man, yea, I refuse it when it is offered, not in jeast, until they make it appear they offer it in earnest, which they do many waies; some throw money on the ground, some on the table; some tell they'll have none of my Lines, except I take their monie; some say I undervalue them, when I refuse their monie; some say, they are able

to the Reader.

to give me money, then I am to want it; some bid Devil break their neck if I take not their Money: Some bid God damn them if I take not their Money; yes, I can instruct, that a Sea-Captain offered to strick of my head with a Sable, if I refus'd his Money: but the more moderate put Money unworse in the Pocket of my Coat, which many think I keep unbuttoned of purpose. Mistake me not, Reader, I am not instructing how Money should be offered, but how it should not be offered, lest I take it.

Thirdly, that I am not avaricious, appears by my vowing to take no Money from Ministers and Ladies, but they say, I take Gold. But I answer, they eluded my vow by equivocation, putting Gold unworse in the neck of my Doublet, and then run away, and I following to restore it, stumbled. They instance I stumble of purpose, that I might not reach them: But they are still mistaken, for a Lady having used me so, I followed her to her Chamber, and when I endeavoured to return her Gold to her pocket, her Maid (mistaking my meaning) thinking perhaps I was searching for the wrong Pocket, tax'd me of incivility; So I was necessitate either to keep her Gold, or else be thought uncivil to a Lady: Let any indifferent Man judge which was the least of the two evils. However, Reader, tempt me not with Gold, except thou be in earnest. It dazzles the eyes of the wise, and therefore no marvel it blinds those of a fool.

The third objection against me is, that some affirm I am a bad Poet. But I answer, that nothing can
more

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more offend a Poet and a Fidler, even telling them they want skill: If in effect they be unskilful, as I am; And therefore no marvel if I reply in a fury, that it is most true that I am a bad Poet, and yet they are notorious Liars in averring it, because they do so out of malice, not knowing whether they speak true or false. All the World knoweth they never made a greater progress in Poisie in the making of an Ale house Roudelay, and that a bad one. It were base in me to upbraid them with want of skill in their own professions, in which they brag they have such insight. As to one of them, a Physician, that he took the piss of a Ston'd horse for that of a woman with Child: To another, a Mineralist, who laid a wager of ten Dollars, a piece of Brimstone was a piece of Silver: To a Third, a Palmester, to whom, when a Boy in Girls aparel was brought in to him to have his hand viewed, superciliously pronounced, the Girl would have three Husbands, bring forth nine Children, and die of the tenth. It were most base in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except some will take them on to be Tasters of Drink: Neither are they fit for that but in the morning, for in the afternoon many times they are in the Category of Plants, that is without Sense and Reason, having the use of no soul but the Vegetative, I could instance other things of that nature, but I forbear, lest the persons be discovered.

Secondly, To be a bad Poet may well be a shame, it is no sin; Neither is it a shame for me in this first I say, with all my intention is to make men laugh,
and

to the Reader.

and not to vex them: But bad Lines many times causeth more mirth than good ones. Where one laughs at the Poems of Virgil, Homer, Ariosto, Du Bartas, &c. Twenty will laugh at those of John Cockburn, or Mr. Zacharie Boyd. What hypochondriac, would not presently be cured at the reading of those Lines;

There was a Man called Job
Dwelt in the Land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the Gob,
The same Case happen us.

Or of those.

Absolom hang'd on a Tree,
Crying GODS Mercie:
Then Job came in, angry was he,
And put a Spear in his Arse.

Or those of John Cockburn;

Samuel was sent to France,
To learn to Sing and Dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now he's a Man of great Esteem;
His Mother got him in a Dream,
At Culross on a Girdle.

For my part, if I were a great Man, I would
sooner give Gold for such Lines, than Copper for all
the

The Authors Appology, &c.
The Heroick Oracles of Seneca's Tragedies.

If any have more to object, let them impart it to me: And if I cannot excuse my self in Reason, I am willing to satisfy the Law, I think it very strange that some Grave and Reverend men, should so wrong their Conscience to traduce me, since without hurting their Conscience they may speak to much evil of me, and not lie, as I may likewise do of them.

In the end I give the Argument of a Second Part, which will prove as harmeles as a Whited without teeth, except some shall be pleased to call Ears Horns.

One word more Reader, and I shall trouble thee no further; when thou hast perused my Lines, and found them a cheat, it cannot but vex thee that thou hast bestowed thy money to no purpose. But I intreat thee to consider that the only remedy is to conceal the cheat, by comending still my Lines to others, that thou may laugh when they shall be cheated as well as thy self: In doing of which thou shalt be a more Christian liar then those who undervalue my Lines, albeit they understand them no more then they do the Prophet Ezeckiel, as appears by their Commentaries on that Prophet, ready for the Press, if they were once dead.

Farewel,

SAM: COLVILLE

WHIGGS

(1)

WHIGGS
SUPPLICATION,
A
MOCK-POEM

PART I.

ARGUMENT,

ASTER invoking of the Muse
As many learned Poets use
Next is described the time of year
When Whiggs in Armour did appear,
The Good-mans person, and his Weed,
His Armour, Lady, Squire, and Steed,
Dog, and Pigeon, and his mind
All Allegories, where ye find
Clothed with many a senseless word,
Mysterious things not with a word:
As said one in a reverend Coat,
Or else he understood them not.

A

(3)
As lately, when he Scripture vext,
He forc'd was to lay off his Text:
And then ye have a Supplication
Greatly misconstrued of the Nation;
At first they dispute how to mend it;
And then advile by whom to send it:
Where *Knights* and *Squire* each other thump,
As did *De Ruyter* and *Van Trump*.

Who ever thou art, Mule, who dost make
By force of Brandy, Ale, and Sack,
Some who both words and matter want,
Admired of the Ignorant:
In whom sagacious noses smelt;
Nought worth but plagiary stuff,
By which they purchase praise and money,
When Bees have toil'd, Drons eat the Honey,
Inspire me with Poetick furie,
That I may likewise favour *Currie*:
With all men to augment my Pack,
By making Lines not worth a plack:
Some of eight syllabls, some of ten,
Some borrowed from other men:
As *Cleveland*, *Don*, or *Tass* Divine,
Some ill translated from *Marine*;
Some *Oedipus* cannot unriddle,
Some sounding like a blind mans Fiddle;
Oblerving neither tune nor time,
Some nonsense to make up the Rhime:
Though I speak true, or false, no matter,
If I traduce some others flatter.

So sundry men were us'd of late;
 As they were on or off the State.
 Grant that I may curb all Backbiters,
 Of Surplice, High-flew'd Gowns, and Miters,
 And Church Governing Paradoxes,
 Of *Calvins* Followers, and of *Roxes*,
 In mystick allegorick tone,
 Scarce understood by any one.
 Grant me to scold, revile and prate
 Shame fall me, if my self knows what:
 When Rhime bursts out from breast intrag'd,
 Like turds from puddings overcharg'd,
 Some galling, other some to laughter,
 Moving like Parat when it's taught her:
 Hoping my prayer thou wilt hear,
 O Mule! have at the time of year;
 When Whiggs from lurking holes did sally,
 And in the open fields did rally.

It was about the time when Oysters;
 Abound so with venereous moystures.
 That they were uled Even and Morn,
 By those that do their Neighbours horn;
 Which doth their prices so inhance
 At *Englands* Court, and that of *France*,
 That Oyster Wives have money ready
 To make their Daughter sometime Lady:
 As doth appear by one of late
 Whose Son in Law bore sway in State:
 When snow makes dikes & mountains white,
 When folks by physick seldom shite,
 Except

Except there be some pocky reason;
 When Mutton weareth out of season,
 In stead of which, at every meal,
 When men eat roasted Hens and Veal,
 And thole at Forth eat Garvie Fishes,
 Then fittest to be serv'd in dishes;
 Which to the pallat pleasing proves,
 Like *Adriatic*; Gulph Anchoves.
 When that the Blak-Bird hoarsly whistles,
 When Trouts and *Abercorn* Mussels
 Are statke nought; when that the swallow
 Lyes sleeping in her own tallow,
 Within some sub-terranean hole;
 When under the *Antarctic*; pole
 There is no night, under our other;
 A man cannot discern his Brother,
 It is so dark; when summers heats
 Scroatcheth the *Magellanic*; straits,
 And burneth up the Corn and Hay,
 About the *Caput binae spei*:
 If that be tedious to remember,
 It was in *Januar*; or *December*,
 When I did see the out law Whiggs
 Ly scattered up and down the Riggs:
 Some had Hoggers, some straw boots
 Some uncovered Leggs and Coots:
 Some had Halbards, some had Durks;
 Some had crooked swords like *Turks*:
 Some had stings, some had Flails
 Knit with Eel and Oxen tails:
 Some had spears, some had Pikes,

some

Some had Spades which delved Dikes
 Some had Guns with rously ratches,
 Some had fiery pears for matches.
 Some had Bows, but wanted Arrows;
 Some had pistols without marrows;
 Some had the Coulter of a plough:
 Some syths had, men and horte to hough:
 And some with a *Losbaber Ax*,
 Resolv'd to give *Dalzel* his paiks.
 Some had Cross Bows, some were slingers;
 Some had only Knives and Whingers:
 But most of all believe who lists,
 Had nought to fight with, but their Fists:
 They had no Collours to display
 They wanted Order and Array:
 Their Officers and Motion Teachers
 Were very few, beside their Preachers:
 Without Horse, or Artillery pieces,
 They thought to imitate the *Swisses*;
 When from *Navar* they sallied out,
Tremovile and brave *Trivulee* to rout,
 For martiall musick, every day
 They used oft to sing and play;
 Which hearts them more when danger comes,
 Then others Trumpets and their Drums,
 With such provision as they had,
 They were so stout, or else so mad,
 As to petition once again,
 And if the issue proved vain;
 They were resolv'd with one accord
 To fight, the Battles of the LORD.

Upon their head march'd the *Good-man*,
 Like *Scanderbeg* or *Tamerlane*.
 Dame Nature strain'd her outmost care,
 To mould him for a Man of War;
 A terrible and a dreadful Foe,
 As doth appear from top to toe.
 The shape and fashion of his head,
 Was like a Con, or Pyramid:
 Or for to speak in terms more gross,
 It was just like a Sugar Loaf:
 Or like the head of *Rob* the Cripple,
 Or like the spear of *Magdalen* Steeple;
 Or like the bottom of a Tap,
 Or like a furd *Muscovia* Cap.
 They who the South east Country's haunts,
 Affirm such heads, have *Turkish* Saints:
 Which as some learned Writers notes,
 Are here with us call'd Idiots.
 Because long hair the Wit doth dull,
 Nought was between Heaven and his skull;
 His ears was long, and stood upright,
 Which did so well become the Knight:
 That at some distance he seem'd horn'd,
 His one eye was with pearl adorn'd;
 His other Eye lookt so askint,
 That it was hard to ward his dint:
 From thence down to his mouth arose,
 A mountain rather than a nose;
 Upon which savage beasts did feed,
 As Worms, and Selkhorns, which with speed
 Would eat it up, but he begins

In time to pick them out with Pins;
 His lips were thick, his mouth was wide;
 His teeth each other did bestride:
 His tongue was big, though well he meant;
 He was not very eloquent.

His beard was long, and red, and thin,
 Making a ball green on his Chin:
 As trees do sometimes in a Wood,
 Where Horse and Oxen gather food:
 His arms were stiff like Barrow trams,
 His Hands were hued like roasted Hams;

At Finger ends he never fails
 To have the King of *Babel's* Nails,
 Which sooner than a Knife, by half,
 Will cut the Throat of Sheep or Calf.
 When he not loving to be idle,
 Turns Cook to any Penny-Bridle.

They scrap up Works about his Leagure,
 A great deal stronger, and far bigger
 Than those made by *Don Pedro Saa*,
 When *Spinola* besiedg'd *Breda*.

He had a Lump upon his Back,
 Which some took for a Pedlers Pack:
 But other some did it suppose
 A Bagg which kept his Meal for Brose;
 But neither conjecture was good,
 It was a lump of Flesh and Blood.

His womb stood out an elm before,
 As far behind his Bum, and more:
 When overcharg'd it made a sound,
 Which did like Earthquake shake the ground.

With which, as Sentries, when he sleeps,
 His Cloaths from Mice and Rats he keeps
 Which to his Pockets swarm like Bees,
 Finding the smell of Bread and Cheese,
 Which several times the fainting Knight
 Doth take for Cordials in the night.
 But when the Beasts do hear the Thunder
 They'r so amaz'd with fear and wonder,
 That to the Gate go Mice and Rats,
 As fast, as if pursu'd by Cats.
 Was never man in those Dominions,
 About whose Leggs were more Opinions.
 First, there are many who avow
 They are like an inverted V.
 And other some do stiffly jangle,
 That they and Thighs make a Quadrangle
 Some think, that Thighs joyning, they gape
 In Circular, or Oval shape:
 And other some are, who avouch,
 Them Semi-circles in a touch.
 And other some, there are who tells,
 They'r Semi-circles paralels.
 But those who on them better looked,
 Say one was straight, the other crooked;
 Not as in touching they did make,
 That famous Angle of Contract.
 Which *Euclid's* demonstration shows,
 If in their Juncture ye put straws:
 The truth is, they in every thing,
 Resemble do a Bow and String;
 The one straight to the other bending,

s like a Chord an Arch subtending?
 In which Schem, if ye draw some Lines;
 Ye may have Secants, Tangents, Sines,
 Which Ale-pot measuring much enables;
 By help of Logarithmiq; Tables;
 Which questions soonest do decide;
 For by Subtraction they Divide;
 And Multiplieth by Addition,
 As now doth *Popish* lupperstition;
 Which multiplieth every day,
 Having some added to its way.
 Their entry to that Church is fine;
 They *Rebaptize* them all with Wine;
 Which their Apostles think far better
 To wash away mens sins, then water.
 Now all's describ'd to feet and toes,
 Which I could not see for his shoes:
 Some say, his toes, who saw his feet,
 Resembled an Alphabet,
 Greek, Syriack, or Arabick,
 Or Breviations Stenographick;
 Which they do counterfeit like Apes;
 With great variety of Shapes:

You may believe it as your Creed:
 Such was his Armour and his weed;
 He wore a pair of pullion Breeches,
 A yellow Doublet with blew sleeves;
 A long black Cassock over his Ars;
 As he had been the fool of *Mars*;
 He had on each Legg a Gramasse;

A top of Lint for his Panash;
 Which bravely flourish'd in his Crest;
 A folded Cloak for Back and Breast.
 A Glove of Pare, which once was worn
 By Black Douglas at Bannockburn.
 For Head-piece, a Cowl lin'd with Iron;
 Which did his Temples so environ,
 That it would cease a world of pains
 For any to beat out his Brains.
 A Blunderbush hang'd at his back,
 Of Terrible report and crack;
 As have a lower Tire of Guns,
 Shot from a Ship of many Tuns;
 A Horse he never doth bestride,
 Without a Pistol at each side;
 And without other two before,
 One at either Saddle Tore.
 But now when he hath much ado;
 He hath one in each Pocket too,
 A Sword which woundeth deep and wide;
 A Target of a seven fold Hide:
 A very strange enchanted Lance,
 Whose touch makes men from saddle dance
 As sometimes of old did another,
 Belonging to *Angelique's* Brother,
 And after to the *English* Duke,
 As mentions *Aristo's* Book.
 And thus with more Arms he doth ride,
 Then other twenty had beside.
 Whether he gain the day, or time;
 He never misseth to kill nine:

As doth appear to all who reckon;
 Justly the numbers of his Weapons
 Among ten thousand, all alone,
 With every Weapon he kills one.
 Some say, he used to take lives
 With Whingers, and *Kilmarnock Knives*;
 But he thinks that belongs to Butchers,
 And others, like *Damata's* Cutchers.
 For when with any he doth swagger,
 He seldom useth Knife, or Dagger:
 Except they come in wrestling terms,
 Permitted by the Law of Arms.
 The Laws of Knighthood he doth keep,
 Not killing Men like Calves or Sheep,

I ask'd at several who he was,
 Some said he was Sir *Hudibras*,
 Deceived by his bouiky Paunch;
 Some said *Don Quixot de la Mancha*,
 Which was more like than was the other;
 In many things he was his Brother.

First, in his head were many fancies;
 Bred by the reading of Romances.
 He thought before the day of Doom
 The Covenanters would burn *Rome*,
 And trample down the Man of sin,
 He thought the work he would begin;
 And to the glory of his Nation,
 Accomplish all the *Revelation*.
 Prat what they please in Popish Schools;

Hammond and *Grotius* were but fools,
 Who say. it is fulfill'd already,
 Must think they prayed to our Lady,
 They aim'd at Reconciliation,
 Between the Pope and every Nation;
 All other things they could pack up,
 If ye take not from them the Cup:
 And they had reason, for in truth,
 Some think they had a burning drouth.

Next, like *Don Quixot*, some suppose,
 He had a Lady *Del to Bese*,
 Who never budged from his side,
 Upon a pair of Sodds astride,
 By whole sole industry and care;
 He mannag'd all the Holy War.
 We read in greatest Warriours lives,
 They oft were ruled by their Wives.
 The Worlds Conqueror, *Alexander*,
 Obey'd a Lady his Commander,
 And *Anthony* that Drunkard keen
 Was rul'd by his lascivious Queen.
 King *Artbur* for his Wifes sake,
 Winkt at *Lancelot du Lake*,
 Though to his Opprobry and scorn,
 He cherish'd on himself to horn.
 They say that now are many others
 Who in that case are *Artburs* brothers,
 So the imperious *Roxalan*,
 Made the great Turk, *John Thomsons* man.
 Another Warriour, all his life,

Was also ruled by his Wife;
 Albeit before their death arose
 Some strife between them for her pose.

Thirdly, like *Quixot*, he a Squire,
 Had *Zanebo* call'd to whet his ire,
 When in a fury he did wrestle
 With Giant, or enchanted Castle.
 Or like *Don Quixot* with Wind-Mills;
 Or with *Dalzel* at *Penaland Hills*;
 Or when, like *Perseus*, he was ready
 To fight a Monster for a Lady;
 Being victorious in the strife;
 He still refus'd the Nymph to wife;
 And that with such a modest grace
 As *Fames Knight* did the heir of *Thrace*;
 To which Squire, the bounteous Knight
 Promised either *Man*, or *Wight*,
Gernsey, or *Jersey*, or some Isle,
 With a Lord Governours Style.
 When he should beat his foes asunder,
 And bring the Whore of *Babel* under.

Lastly, on *Quixots Roxinant*
 He rode, who took the Covenant.
 As many think, none of the Nation
 Could make him take the Declaration.
 Some endeavour'd to have the Horse
 Proclaimed Rebel from the Cross,
 Which though they did with open throats,
 The Horse eats still his Hay and Oats:

Noa

Not dreaming that in any thing
 He Country did offend, or King;
 The wisest Lawyers of the Nation;
 Advis'd him to make Apollation;
 Because it was against all reason
 To condemn a Beast for Treason;
 Which reason at a tippling Can
 Had serv'd his Master the Goodman;
 If after his rebellious Journey,
 He had met with a King's Attorney;
 Who could by Law and Reason show,
 He greater beast was of the two.
 Or with another, who for riches
 Stood for incestuous Whoors and Witches;
 Or any other, whom ye list
 So they did well anoint his Fist:

Beside his Horse, he had Dogg;
 So us'd to traverse Hill and Bog,
 That he became of scent so cliver,
 As to miss neither Hare nor Pliver.
 He turns himself in Horse or Hog,
 As *Monsieur* did *Agrippa's* Dog;
 To find by his sagacious nose,
 The counterploring of his foes,
 He treads the Back scent, brings a Glove;
 And carries Letters to his Love:
 He is a fierce Dog, yet most civil,
 Kills Fish, whose Livers frights the Devil,
 He barks at *Anabaptists*, *Quakers*,
Papist, and *Declaration-taker*:

But

But he will gently fawn, and stand
To lick a Covenanters hand.

Beside his Dog, he hath a Pigeon;
Most do not know of what Religion,
She was the same, as many fear
Which once ear pease in *Mahomet's* ear;
Which, when she did, the Carl did boast,
That he spake with the Holy Ghost,
His Epilepsie for to recover,
If once imploy'd, she doth hover;
But will make the whole worlds tour,
And come again within an hour:
Sometimes she his Orders carries
To the *Azores*, and *Canaries*:
As Quarter-mistress, to ordain,
In which the first Meridian
Should lodged be, for Calculation,
Of Longitudes in Navigation.
Sometimes he sends her an Embassage
Out through the North East *Indian* passage
To tell the great *Tartarian* *Cham*,
A piece of *West phalia* Hamm
Is better meat, when hunger nips,
Then collops off five-Horses hips:
That we who here drink Sack and Brandy,
Well tempered with Suggar-Candy.
A great dale better then he fares,
Who drinks Horse-blood, or Milk of Mares:
Sometime to *Peru*, and to *Chilly*
She goes, to tell our Prophet *Lilly*

Forc'd

Foreseeth neither good nor evil,
 Abandon'd by his *Arctiq;* Devil:
 Whom the late great Frost did compel
 To run and warm himself in Hell.
 That she might bring from thence a Spirit
 Of greater foresight, and of merit,
 For to assist the great Diviner
 The better for to win his Dinner.
 Sometime to *Turk* she goes, and *Sophy*,
 To tell their water and their Cophy,
 And their severe slighting of Wine,
 Makes them so with the Cholick pine;
 Which torment is with them so rife,
 It cost *Mahomet* the great his Life;
 For when the Cholick he did take;
 And did refuse a Cup of Sack,
 He worried on a windy Bubble,
 And freed the world of meikle trouble.
 If they'l drink wine, they need not fear
 Their Prophet, for his thousand year
 Are now expired, all in vain
 They expect his return again.

Thus of his Person, Armour, weed,
 His Lady, Squire, and of his Steed,
 Dog, and Pigeon, for his mind,
 He leaves all mortals far behind.
 All things created he doth know,
 In Heav'n above, and Earth below:
 He solves the Questions every one
 That *Sbsba's* Queen ask'd *Solomon*:

Or any other knotty doubt;
 That can occur the World throughout;
 Neither doth he prate and bable,
 Like *Pliny* painting out a Fable.
 At first, he makes a clear Narration;
 And then backs all by Demonstration.
 He knows whether the great *Magul*,
 Doth drink out of his Fathers Skull,
 Or if he make a Chamber-pot
 Of that of King of *Calcecut*,
 If it be prov'd by any man
 That he is come of *Tamerlan*;
 Or if he keep Tobacco cut
 In *Tortois* shell, or *Coco* Nut.
 If the Balm and Franckincense Keepers,
 By rattling, drive away the Vipers,
 Which with such ardour haunts those Trees,
 As with us Garden Flowers do Bees.
 Or if they do those Serpents Chook,
 As Eastlings their Bees do Imoak:
 Which made two great wits, as men think,
 Spend too much Paper, Pen, and Ink,
 If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*,
 Do fight in *Niger*, as in *Nile*;
 Or if we ought to believe them,
 Who say *Melchisedee* was not *Sem*,
 Which raised once a Fifty strife
 Between a Preacher and his Wife,
 If any man yet ever born
 Did see Phenix or Unicorn:
 If there be a Philosopher Stone?

If men who have not Leg but one,
 With broad Soles, which by Toures
 Defends their heads from Sun and Showres
 If the Emperour *Prefter John*
 Be the off-spring of *Solomon*?
 If thole who lately conquer'd *China*,
 Be the Brothers-Sons of *Diana*?
 Who to those North East parts were turned
 When *Affur's* King *Samarra*,
 If *Romes* founders *Wolfs* did luck?
 If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke?
 If Captain *Hynd* was a good fellow?
 If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow?
 Which raised once a great discord
 Betwen a western Laird and Lord.
 If roasted Eggs be best, or sodden?
 If *James* the fourth was kill'd at *Floden*?
 Which made two School men borrow swords
 That they might fight after big words.
 If sword, or surfeit moe men kill?
 Who had the better at *Edge bill*?
 Which made two Ladies other jeer;
 A Roud-head and a Cavaleer:
 Both harped so on the teen ruffle,
 That it turned to a scratch-eye scuffle;
 At last both conclude to agree,
 Both of them vowing secrecie.
 Where meets the Brethren of *Cross Rosie*?
 What sums the *Spaniard* in *Potosie*
 Gains yearly by their silver-Mines:
 Since thirty eight who wins or tines?

He knows the price of Jewels and Rings;
 And hidden causes of sundry things,
 As of the Compass variation
 Of Nile and Nigers inundation.
 Why Ireland wanteth Toad and Snake?
 Why some Men white, & some Moors black?
 Why *Regulus* eye makes men leave breath?
 Why spiders bite them dance to death:
 Why men *Tarantula* do not fear?
 But at some seasons of the year.
 Why Devils musick do not please?
 What sort of thing is *Ambergrease*?
 If Iron *Magnet*, or it Iron
 Attract? If Sea or Land environ
 That frozen great Magnetick Rock;
 Under the Pole; where what a Clock
 There cannot be made any trial,
 The one year's half, by *Phæbus* Dial;
 By the Seas motion he doth find,
 A north East passage to the *Inde*:
 Another he finds by the North-west;
 Where *Davies* freezed to his rest:
 When Icy Mountains did occur,
 And stoppt his course to *Mar del Zurr*:
 But he hath found a brave device,
 That he may free those Seas from Ice;
 He empties all the water, lyne
 He fills the place with brandy wine,
 Which hardly will congeal with Frost,
 If Whales turn drunk, and Fishing lost;
 Yet lose we not by that device,

For Whale Oyl we get *Indian* Spice,
 All other ways are but a cheat,
 To fetch some Money from the State:
 It's wonder they have sharkt so much,
 Both from the *English* and the *Dutch*.

He prov'd, on peril of his Soul,
 Presbyterian rule by *Paul*.
 He thought, none but a foolish man
 Made *Antiebrist* the son of *Dan*
 He thought, by the Apostles meaning,
 Voice Negative, and sole ordaining,
 Was the very Mystery
 Of *Antiebrist's* iniquity,
 Which near his own time did begin
 To usher in the Man of sin.
 He thought, if Bishops had not been;
 A Pope of *Rome* had ne're been seen.
 But now he thinketh Church Government
 A thing of small, or no concernment:
 As ready as any ever born
 For Bishops; if he had not sworn:
 If *Dutch* and *English* Truth report,
 He knows about th^e *Amboyna* Fort;
 If those two *Indian* Ships were sunk,
 And burnt by *Dutch*, when they were drunk;
 Who first began the War in *Guinie*,
 Where *Holms* and *Ruyter* play'd at *Pinie*:
 If groundleis jealousies and fears.
 Yoaks *Dutch* and *English* by the Ears:
 Or if it be the *Indian* Trade

That doth produce effects so sad;
 He'll tell in *Indian* Peddlers faces,
 We dearly buy their Cloves and Maces;
 The War draws blood and money forth;
 More then the *Indian* Trade is worth,
 He thinks the War fomented be
 By *Romish* Craft and policy,
 Which rents the *Dutch* and us asunder;
 To bring Reformed Religion under.
 When both are broken and brought low
 Like Pitchers by a mutual blow,
 Then they'll force up the Pope again;
 And make both serve the King of *Spain*;
 Who in the *Jesuites* fantastic
 The Worlds Temporal Lord will be,
 And meagre thole who countermine them;
 The Pope and he will rule between them;
 The World in two Monarchies,
 He with his sword, he with his keyes;
 If *Dutch* and *English* Popish were,
 They would be Popish every where:
 So Conclave Fathers do conclude,
 But such deceits do oft delude.

He finds by perfect Demonstrations
 The roots of all compos'd *Æquations*;
 He finds new wayes to poison Cats,
 Of Mudd he Serpents makes, and Rats!
 He finds the Longitude of places,
 Makes Bag pipes with Concording Bales;
 He finds two means proportionals; Which

Which great Wits sometimes inthral
 In Virtuofies Conventicles,
 Excentricks, Orbs, and Epicycles
 He finds to be fantastick fictions,
 Forgd to palliat contradictions,
 Wherewith the late Star gazers notions
 Have involved the Planets motions.
 To determinat he dare venture,
 The Sun to be the Worlds Center,
 To hold the Candle in the middle
 Infix'd, while to Pythagoras Fiddle
 Still Firmament, with twinkling eyes;
 The Earth and Planets dancing sees,
 He squares, Circles, Doubles, Cubes,
 Makes most admirable Tubes;
 If he at *Dover* through them glance,
 He sees what hours it is in *France*,
 As he hath prov'd by frequent trial;
 On Steeple, Clock, or Sunny Dial,
 He reads with them another while
 Letters, distant twenty mile;
Dutch, or *Scotts*, I know not whether;
 The one is as like as the other.

If he once level at the Moon,
 Either at Midnight or at Noon,
 He discovers Rivers, Hills,
 Steeples, Castles, and Wind mills;
 Villages, and fenced Towns,
 With Fousies, Bulwarks, and great Guns,
 Cavaleers on Horse back prancing,
 Maids about a May pole dancing,

Men in Taverns Wine carowling,
 Beggars by the Hie-way Lowling,
 Sojors forging Ale-house brawlings;
 To be let go without their Lawings,
 Surts in streets by Grooms and Pages;
 Mountebancks playing on Stages.
 Wild Boars strouting their Bristles,
 Black Birds striving who best whistles;
 Throats of Larks Trumpeting day,
 Falcons beating down their prey,
 Hare and Deer crossing Bogs;
 Followed at the heels by Dogs,
 Asses braying, Lyons roaring,
 Owles screeching, Eagles soaring,
 Foxes roused from their den,
 Monkeys imitating Men.
 Gardens planting, Houses Bigging.
 States and Princes Fleets out-rigging;
 Antick fashions of Apparels:
 States and Princes pitching quarrels:
 Wars, Rebels, Horse Races
 Proclaim'd at several Mercat places.
 Capers bringing in their Prizes,
 Commons cursing new Excizes.
 Young Wives old Husbands hornings;
 Judges drunk every morning;
 Augmenting Law-suits, and division;
 By *Spanish* and by *French* decisions;
 Courtiers their aims missing,
 Chaaplains Widow-Ladys kissing;
 Men to sell their Lands itching,

To pay th' expences of their Kitching:
 Frequent changes, states invading,
 Pulpits forcing, and perswading;
 Great jarrs for Cloves and Maces,
 For B shops, Lordships and their Graces:
 Lords in Stews, missing Purles,
 While Pages makes their Ladies Nurses:
 Preachers contradicting fast
 This year, what they preach'd the last;
 Making in their Conscience Room
 For a change the year to come;
 Some seeking Bishopricks in vain,
 Wishing Presbytry again;
 Lawyers counsels at such rates,
 That they cost Men their whole Estates:
 What money men puts in their Hands,
 To get half back, they give their Lands:
 Physitians cheating young and old,
 Making both buy death with Gold:
 Not vers'd in *Æsculapius* wayes,
 Indicative and Critick dayes
 They make too late, or else too soon,
 Not knowing the motion of the Moon;
 Factions in Families and Towns,
 Ground manur'd by Country Clowns,
 In Meadows, Corns, Grapes, Aples,
 Outbraving *Lombardie* and *Naples*;
 Priests diseased of the Riples,
 Hirpling through the Streets like Criples,
 Physitians spoiled with the Pox,
 Hiding their Noses with their Cloaks,

Courtiers covering cankered Faisters
 With curled Periwiggs and Plaisters;
 With Wax-Noses, Golden Lips,
 With Paisboord mending Legs and Hips;
 Using all the Art they can,
 That they may seem a pretty man;
 And free of blemish, like a Priest
 With *Urim Thummim* on his Preat;
 Ladies speaking Ranting Words,
 Attir'd like men with Vests and Swords;
 With Periwigs and long Locks,
 Some tax'd for dancing in their Smocks:
 Making Frivolous excuses,
 Men pretending to the Muses;
 Some selling Drink, some selling Draff;
 Some buffons turn'd, to make men Laugh;
 Some Publicans, some busie medlers,
 Some turn'd Horse-Coopers, some pedlers;
 Some challenged for dreadful things,
 As stealing silver Spoons and Rings;
 Having us'd many whiles before,
 That they might put them to the door;
 Sundry Philosophick Asses
 By dictating, Teaching Classes,
 Not taking an account again,
 Making Boys spend their time in vain;
 Some dissipating little Muggs
 Containing universal Druggs;
 Physicians crying out amain,
 Where they cure one, they poyson ten:
 Some getting Oyster-Boats to dreg,

Some making Satyrs for to Begg,
 Being reduced to these wants,
 By several avaricious Saints,
 Who proved on them Drinking, Whooring,
 By flandering, forging; and perluring:
 At last, for all their fair pretention,
 Their quarrel prov'd to be a pention;
 Which having got, then for refuge,
 They bribe, or cheat a silly Judge,
 By purloyning and forbearing,
 To stop the Cause from further hearing;
 There was no remedy for the evil.
 All went head-long to the Devil:
 That Fathers saying is most true;
 Penitent Clerks are very few:
 Ere any shame shall them betide,
 They'le one sin with another hide.

His Tube in higher Planets Heaven,
 Discovers many more then seven.
Jove hath his guard with thunder thumps,
 To beat down Covenants and Rumps;
 And *Saturn* hath his Pages too,
 When he meets *Jove*, there is adoe.
 Its good to some, and bad to other;
 Its never good to all together:
 For some go up, and some go down;
 Some gets, and some will lose a Crown.
 They say, such things will now appear,
 In less then three and thirty Years.
 Great change of Government will be,

As all affirms beyon^d the Sea;
 But all their practises, and wiles
 At this bout, will not reach our Isles;
 All is confined to the main,
 And then it will about again:
 We need not break our hearts for sorrow;
 What's ours to day, is theirs to morrow.
 He sees *Mars* sending Grooms in ire
 To set the World below on fire;
 Raising such fury in mens Breasts;
 Which them becomes, as all avow;
 That Generals are made of Priests,
 As well as Saddle doth a sow.
 He sees those Grooms, who sun attends;
 Blowing on their brunt finger ends:
 Among whom *Mercury* doth stand;
 Serving the Sun with Capp in hand.
 He hath no dwelling of his own,
 But is Domestick of the Sun.
Phæbus and he hath great compassion
 On Arts now wearing out of fashion;
 Yet some will flourish, they foresaw
 Romances; and the Cannon Law.
 He sees, with *Venus* Pages are,
 Who Pims were to the God of War;
 When jealous *Vulcan*, sick of love,
 Would needs himself a Cucold prove,
 Like several great ones here below,
 Though some conceal what they do know.

His Tube once levelled at the Sky,
 Sunday

Sundry, yet hid lights doth espy;
 Some lesser ones, and some more gross;
 Between the Boars and Southern Cross;
 Some on *Pegasus* his Hoove,
 And some upon his Masters Love,
 And some upon her Mothers Chair;
 And some on *Berenices* Hair;
 And some upon the *Serpents* sting;
 And some upon the *Eagles* Wing;
 And some upon the *Rams* Horn,
 Some on the Beard of *Capricorn*,
 And some he sees upon the Bull,
 And some upon *Orion's* skull,
 And some on *Nessus* mortal foe,
 And some on *Cancer's* meikle toe:
 Some on the sails of *Argo* ship,
 And some on *Antinous* Hip;
 And some he sees upon the *Twins*;
 And some upon the *Fishes* Fines;
 And some he sees on *Libra's* scale,
 And some upon the *Dragon's* Tail;
 Which little Bear and pople entangles,
 And some he sees on the Triangles:
 Some on the Harp, some on the swan;
 Some on the Crown, some on the Cran,
 Some on the Whale, some on the Trout;
 And some upon the great Dogs snout,
 And some upon the Virgins Knees,
 On *Crinita*, between her Thighs,
 Which makes her blush, and turn her look
 North-East, upon *Boote's* Dock:

Which

Which the base Clown regardeth not,
 But spurns her backward with his Foot,
 And almost lames her on the Knee,
 Which barbarous incivilitie
 Is evident to any man,
 By the Glob of *Vatican*.

And finally, that tract of Light
 Which we see in a Frosty Night,
 And caused Philosophick Jarrs,
 He finds to be the light of stars;
 Which just to shinning, he doth mark,
 As Haddocks heads do in the dark.

Solve several Questions he can,
 Scarce solvable by any man:
 If number of stars be odd or even:
 What's beyond the outmost Heaven:
 If substance of the Heav'ns be mix'd,
 If stars do move, in Orbs infix'd:
 Or, if they move, as others clatter,
 As Fowl in Air, or Fish in Water.
 Since *Jewish* Sabbath is begun,
 And ends with setting of the Sun.
 How that Sabbath observ'd can be
 Beyond the sixty eight degree:
 Of Latitude: Since *Antipods*
 In Sun-shinning, have such odds:
 How both Sabbath's Observation
 Jumps with the Sabbath of Creation:
 The one and other Question.

Sorely

Sorely puzzled Solomon,
 In that great Dispute, that between
 Was him and that *Arabian Queen*;
 Or *Æthiopian*; as some other,
 Who make her *Prefter John's Mother*;

Against the late Star gazers Schism;
 And *Argolus Paralogism*;
 He finds Comets are plac'd no where
 But in some Region of the Air.
 He finds with admirable speed
 Their Parallax by a Threed :
 He finds their Eyes perceives not well,
 Or else Dioptriques makes them reel,
 And that their Brains not worth a Turd;
 Who calls them *Via Leticia's Curd*;
 The same he thinks of many others,
 Who say they are new Stars half Brothers;
 Of which last, if he espy one,
 He bids let Gods secrets alone.

He finds both Comets and Eclipses :
 But pretty Fortune telling Gipsies :
 The like uncertainty he sees
 In change of Excentricities.
 But he foresees with Prophets Unction
 The Effects of a great Conjunction;
 Before the Age begin again;
Spain shall have *France*, or *France* have *Spain*
 The Monarchy shall spread no further,
 If *Dutch* and *English* hold together.

And

And though they do great tribulation;
 Follows *Gotbifh* inundation,
 Spreading from *Pomer* into *Sclafie*,
In defence of the Flower de Luoe:
 Their Mutiny for want of Pay
 Proves to the *French* a dismal day:
 Then *English* shall say; God be thanked;
 The *French* are like Fleas in a Blanker,
 They loon skip out, as thay did in,
 There Conquest ends ere it begin.
 They marr all by unstable carriage;
 As in their old *Italian* Voyage;
 When quite forsaken of their helps,
 They first brought Shankers over the Alps

He doth forelee another wonder,
 Nations in place, and hearts asunder,
 Shall straitly be conjoyn'd in one,
 Against the Whoor of *Babylon*.
 And though those Nations be but poor,
 Rich Kings who furnicat the Whoor,
 Shall melt before them, as the Snow,
 When Rain and South-wind makes a Thaw:
 What me they are, he will not clatter,
 Lest some thinks he intends to flatter.
 Then all shall be serene and clear,
 And Saints shall Reign a Thousand year,
 If not, let it not be forgotten,
 To hang him when he's dead and rotten.

All doubt much of the *Jews* Conversion,
 The

The manner of the Worlds Everſion:
 If Fire ſhall burn the Heav'ns to Embers;
 If ſeparat Souls their Friends remembers:
 If thoſe new reaſon do make good.
 The Circulation of the Blood :
 If Webbs of Cloath be made of ſtones;
 If pox can be chaſ'd from the Bones;
 If Minerals nourish as Grain,
 If Ratts once dead can live again :
 And of ſuch like Reſurrections,
 It by Attractions, and Ejections,
 Men may lend, or borrow blood;
 If univerſal Druggs be good;
 If Satyr-makers ever thrive,
 If any thing which they contrive;
 If there be ſuch of any Nation.
 Who are not driven to deſperation;
 Giving to all, who them defends,
 Still ſtand on the finger-ends.
 Though never wiſer man was born;
 He knows not how to dine the morn :
 No more than he ſees when ſhall come
 The moment of the day of Doom.

The Whigge him circled in a Ring,
 And he ſtood like a Nine-pin King;
 After a pauſe and a Cough,
 And ſundry clawings of his Hough :
 Upon his Tiptoes he aroſe,
 And with his Fingers wipt his Noſe,
 And cleanſ'd his Fingers on his Breeches,
 Delivering theſe following ſpeeches.

Hear,

Hear, O ye remnant of *Isra'l*,
 Who have not bow'd your knees to *Beal*,
 For which ye undergo the Crosse;
 Ye Gold refined from the Dross;
 Ye winnow'd Corn purg'd from the Chaff,
 Ye sp'rit Malt drawn from the Draff;
 Whoto the good Cause are no shame,
 Ye Covenanters, Cruds and Cream;
 E're one a *Pater Noster* utter,
 Some will tur i Cheele, and others Butter,
 And each will feed his hungry Brother,
 If we shall chance to eat each other.
 Ye who still pray for those who wrong you,
 God grant there be no Rogues among you,
 As Arch as of any Nation:
 I have caus'd pen a supplication,
 Which must be sent unto the King,
 From whom some must an answer bring:
 Ile read it our, that ye may mend it,
 And then advise by whom to send it,
 Then answered the whole Croud,
 Bidding him read it out aloud.
 Seeking his Lunets forth, he started;
 At which, they who stood nearest started;
 Those further off took such Alarms,
 Some cry'd to Leg, some cry'd to Arms:
 What was the matter, none could think,
 Till all of them did smell the stink.
 Then having hush'd their shouts and hallows,
 He did begin to read as follows.

THE

THE SUPPLICATION

SIR, though there be but few among us,
 Who bids at every word *God damn us*,
 Though we come not to Martial clothes,
 Half gelded, and without our Notes;
 As not accustom'd to those Tricks,
 Which hurts mens Notes, and their Pricks
 Although we do not rant and swagger,
 Nor drink in Tavern still we stayger,
 And then ingage in drunken quarrels,
 Where wit goes out by rooming Barrels:
 Where some throw Stoups, and others Glasses
 Some struggle with the serving Lasses;
 Some throw a Chandler, some a Can,
 Some strive to Cuckold the Good-man.
 Some mean their Elbow, some their Head,
 Some cry, a lace their Shoulder-blade;
 And some with spilled drink are dreeping,
 And some sit on a Privy sleeping:
 Some do not know at whom they'r striking,
 And some are busie Pockets picking:
 Some have their hair with fingers freezed,
 And some cry out they'r Circumcised.
 Some have their Faces and their Troples:
 All scratched with Tobacco Stoples:
 Some coals with naked Swords are hewing,
 And some ly in a Corner spewing;

And

And other some get bloody Fingers,
 By grasping naked Knives and Whingers,
 When they the fray intend to redd,
 When it were better they were a-bed:
 And some cry, ye disturb the Laird,
 And some cry, sy bring Bailly Baird;
 A man who is oblieged much
 Unto the War against the *Dutch*.
 At that they call the Wench to reckon,
 She comes and counts up thre for one,
 Bur gains not much, though she so trick it,
 Besides her los of Burg's Ticker:
 They tell her they will Money borrow:
 And come and pay their shot to morrow:
 Their Officers the other day,
 Had dyc'd and drunk, and Whoor'd their Pay

Sir, though we do not play such pranks,
 For which we give unto God thanks;
 Yet we your loyal Subjects are,
 To serve you both in Peace and War,
 With our Fortunes, and our Lives,
 But if our Conscience, and our Wives
 By any man be meddled with,
 We'l both defend with all our pith.
 Sir, our Conscience to compel,
 Is to force our Souls to Hell.
 If we do good, and think it evil,
 In that we more obey the Devil,
 Then doing ill, which we think good;
 If holy Writ be understood:

Sir, we have been sore oppressed;
 Our Wives and serving Lasses Cessed;
 Either to give beyond their reach,
 Or else hear some Hibelings preach:
 Who preach nought else, but rail and rant
 Against the Holy Covenant:
 And yet its known, that the Nation
 Did take it at their instigation;
 For which, of late, they were so hearty,
 When it was the prevailing party,
 That they urg'd State, as they were wood,
 To take somes Means, and others blood:
 And others they compel to flee,
 And hide themselves beyond the sea:
 And that, sir, for no other reason,
 But Ante-Covenanting Treason.

But now, Sir, when the guise doth turn;
 They preach nothing, but hang, and burn;
 And harry all those of the Nation,
 Who do refuse the Declaration:
 Perswading us with tales and fictions
 To take Oaths which are Contradictions;
 Having for love of worldly pelf
 First taking contrair Oaths themselves,

At first, Sir, GOD be thanked,
 VVe sold Covering, Sheet, and Blanket,
 And Gowns, and plaids, and petticoats,
 Meal and pease, Barley, and Oats,
 Butter and Cheeke, and VVool Fleeces,

For

For Groats and Fourty penny-pieces ;
 Capons and Hens, and Geese and piggs ;
 Oxen and Horse which Till'd our Riggs ;
 And which our very Hearts pierces,
 Master *Zachary Boyd's* Verles
Dickson's Sermons, *Guthrie's* Libels,
Bessie of Lanerk and our Bibles,
 And learn'd Religion by tradition,
 VVhich smell of Popish superstition,
 To pay our Fines we were so willing,
 VVhich was for each fault Twenty shilling,
 Though we alledg'd for our defence,
 It was too much by Eighteen pence.

At last, we had no more to give,
 Neither knew we how to live ;
 They felled all our Hens and Cocks,
 And rooted out our Kail stocks,
 And cast them ov'r the Dikes away ;
 And bid us jeering, Fast and pray,
 Being incented with such harms,
 VVe were necessitate to Arms ;
 And through the Country we did come,
 VVe had far better stay'd at home.
 VVe did nothing but hunt the Glaikes,
 For after we had got our paiks,
 They took us every one as Prizes,
 And condemn'd us in Assizes,
 To be hang'd up every where,
 And fix'd our heads up here and there.
 Once dreadful heads, Sir, all did doubt them,
 They

They had so meikle wit about them.
 And we, who scap't those grivous Crosses;
 Did hide our selves in Bogs and Mosses:
 When we fed on sodden Leather,
 Mingled with crops of Heather;
 Which; our hunger to assuage,
 We thought most savory for Pottage;
 For Drink, it was no small matter,
 If we got clear not muddy Water;
 In which we heartily do wish,
 Their be none who desire to fish;
 That by the devils instigation,
 Brings on us all this tribulation.
 When in that case we could not stand,
 We Sally, Sir, with Sword in hand:
 Let men cry, Rebels, till they grow hoarse,
 We're Subjects nev'r the while the worse.
 Though we prefer you not to God,
 Who do so, Sir, their faith will nod:
 If Government take changing tours,
 They will renounce both you and yours;
 As doth appear by some of late,
 When that usurper rul'd the State:
 They strove, Sir, to be sent apace
 To abjure you in the Worlds face.
 Though some, Sir, of our Duniwessles
 Stood out, like *Eglintoun* and *Cassils*,
 And others, striving to sit still,
 Where forc'd to go against their will,
 Yet other some, as all men knows,
 Who should be sent, were near to blows.

That

That is, at very boystrous words,
 Putting their hands upon their Swords;
 To make men think that they were stout;
 When it was known the World throughout;
 To fight your foes, when they were sent,
 They alwayes too the Boog a-silent,
 And running from the fight by stealth;
 Would then sit down and drink your health;
 And since they could not think, like Asies;
 To beat your foes by drinking Glasses,
 It's evident, Sir, as we think,
 They drank your Health for love of Drink:

Yet many, Sir, were disappointed;
 Who so forsook the Lords Anointed,
 They were not all alike regarded,
 Some well, and some were ill rewarded:
 They who play'd best with both the hands
 Lurich'd were by their Neighbours Lands.
 Some from their Creditors got refuges,
 Some were made Clerks, and others Judgest
 Some (wearing their stocks were spent,
 strove to get down their Annual rent:
 Detaining, Sir, by that extortion,
 The Fatherless and Widows portion,
 Which Usuring Fathers Lent to Lairds;
 Who play'd it all at Dice and Cards:
 Which forc'd some Ladies to miscarriage;
 Because they could not get a Marriage;
 But among those of stricter life,
 The truth tell-colour grew so rife;

That it marr'd all the Charms and Graces
 Of those who could not paint their Faces.
 But other some got mocks and scorns,
 By giving to their Husbands Horns;
 And spewing Claret, mull'd with Eggs;
 Between the Lord Protectors Leggs:
 When they did endeavour to pray
 Before him on a Fasting-day.
 Some *Whallvs* Bible did begarie;
 By letting flee at it Canarie,
 Taking it up, where it lay next;
 That they might read on it the Text:
 When *Cromwel* preach'd with great applause
 The Revelation of his Cause:
 And some of them empawn'd their Cloaks,
 And other some brought home the Pox:
 Giving foul Linnings all the wite,
 Some turn'd your Friends for meer despight,
 Vowing you never to withstand
 Again, without something in hand.
 And some turn'd Ordinance-forefakers,
 Others for grief of heart turn'd Quakers;
 Some in their Conscience took remorse,
 Crying I'm damn'd, till they grew hoarse:
 And make the standers by admira
 To see them take the fits of *Spira*.
 To bring those troubled souls to peace,
 Some reads *Alvares* helps to Grace;
 Some *Sanctuary* of a troubled soul,
 Some cited passages of *Paul*:

Explaining well what he did lay;
 Some reads on *Mr. Andrew Gray*:
 Some told the danger of back-sliding;
 Some the good of Faith abiding:
 Some reads the Cases of *Richard Binning*:
 Some *Ferguson* reads of *Kilwinning*:
 And some them pressed very sore
 To hear a little of *Doctor More*:
 But others cry'd, Away and Tush;
 With Vipers in a Balmy Bush?
 With blind Pilots, guiding Ferries,
 With Toads lurking in straw berries:
 His Doctrine of Justification
 Drives all the Court to Desperation.
 Few there are saved, a we guess,
 By their inherent Righteousness.
 He hath some good among great evils;
 He tells of Bastard getting Devils:
 Of their Bodies, or Vehicles,
 Their Herauldry and Conventicles.
 It's sport to see his Fancy wander
 In their Male and Femal Gender,
 He doth so punctually tell
 The whole æconomy of Hell;
 That some affirm he is *Puck Harry*,
 Some, he hath walked with the Fairy,
 Though intellectuals be neat,
 Though he mean well, and is no cheat,
 His Case is desperate and sad,
 For to much Learning makes him mad,
 We'll read on the *True Converts Mark*,

Or we will read on *Bessie Clerk*;
 Or else on *Beakers Heavenly Beams*;
 Or on the *Lady Gulrofs Dream*,
 Which sundry drunken Asses flout,
 Not seeing the Jewel within the Clout
 Like Combs of Coks, who takes no heed
 When they *Gower*, or *Chaucer* read.
 When they had said, and read their fill,
 It did not cure the Patients ill:
 They still cry on, and howl, and mourn;
 Their Counsels will not serve the turn.
 No comfort at all find they can,
 Untill a Grave and Reverend Man
 Advise them to resist temptation,
 With *Spanish Wine*, and *Pornication*.

Those Rebels also to obey,
 Those Hirelings ceas'd for you to pray;
 Because their Stipends, and their Living
 Were at the foresaid Rebels giving.
 They thought a man a Venial sinner
 Who left sworn duty for his dinner:
 Yea some of them were of opinion.
 They might pray for that devils Minion;
 They would not stick for love of Pelf,
 To pray, Sir for the Devil himself;
 But we, in the Usurpers faces,
 Remembred you in Prayers and Graces;
 And if we had had Guns and Swords,
 Our actions would have back'd our words.
 Our fault, Sir, was, for which we moan.

We thought to do it all alone,
 Since it was only want of wit,
 Since it was a distraction-fit,
 We pray you, Sir, be no despise:
 Of us, whom God hath made no wiser.

Royal Sir, to those our times
 Apply'd may be a Poets Rhimes,
 Who courly singeth, that a Wight
 Obeying King, in wrong or right;
 If that the King to wrack shall go,
 Will in like manner turn his foe,
 But who obey no sinful thing,
 Do still prove constant to the King:
 The Rhime is barborous and rude,
 But, Sir, the saying's rich and good;
 In Print yet forth it hath not crept,
 We have it in a Manuscript:
 The Good-man keeps it, as we think,
 Behind a dish, upon the Bink:
 And yet it's thought by many a man
 Most worthy of the *Vatican*,
 It's worthy, Sir, of your Saint *James*
 That stands upon the River *Thames*.
 Ye'l not find saying such another,
 Put all their Guilded Books together;
 Tho with these two ye joyn in one.
 The Bibliothek of *Prefter John*.
 Cause Pages cry it still before ye,
 As *Philip* did *Memento Mori*.

Since

Since then we arm for Conscience sake;
 May't please you, Sir, some pity take,
 And not by Bishops instigation
 Inforce on us the Declaration,
 Nor make us give, beyond our reach,
 To keep's from hearing Hirelings Preach;
 Who last year Preached Oaths to take,
 And this year Preachereth them to break:
 When they have forced men to take them,
 Then first of all, themselves they break them;
 Except God, Sir, their manners mend,
 They'l Oath it to the Worlds end.
 Men either must forewear themself,
 As oft as they turn Coats for Pelf,
 Or else their Conscience is so scurvie,
 They will turn all things topsie turvie.
 And we will give what we can reach
 To keep's from hearing those men Preach,
 As Achilons, Balbies and Placks;
 VVhich is enough, Sir, for our packs.
 Likewise, in any other thing
 VVe will obey you, as our King,
 If we require it at our hands,
 VVe'l quite to you both Lives and Lands.
 Nothing to fight can us compell,
 Except to keep our Souls from Hell;
 VVhat ever mischief us befall,
 Or else the Devil take us all.
 Ye need not, Sir, distrust, or fear,
 VVhen Our law VVhiggs do ban, or Swear,
 It doth unto the VVorld appear,

Keeping

Keeping our Oaths bath cost us dear:
 VVe pray God, that your Majesty,
 And then Your Royal Progeny,
 May peace and truth with us defend,
 As Kings, unto the worlds end.
 VVe with all duty and respect
 Your gracious Answer do expect.

A

*A Debate between the Knight and Squire, about
the mending of the Petition, and who should
carry it to the King.*

AND thus the supplication ended,
The Squire cry'd out, it should be
mended:
Being desir'd to tell the cause,
First with all ten his Arse he claws,
And then his Elbow, and his Head;
Winking a while, as he were dead;
And clapping both Hands upon his Inout;
At last his Reason tumbled out;
To wit, it did not move to grant
Renewing of the Covenant.

KNIGHT,

'At which the Knight gave such a groan,
As would have rent a heart of stone:
And casting both his eyes to Heaven,
He said, not though the Earl of *Levin*
Were on our heads, we durst not do it,
It's base to put the King so to it,
It is a most presumptuous thing,
To cross the Conscience of a King;
Some honest men did never take it;
Some honest also were who broke it;
But he who breaks't against his light,
Let it be wrong, let it be right;

By

By Prophets and Apollles leave
 We dar aver he is a knave.
 On singulars we will not harp;
 For the apply will be too sharp.
 We put down Bishops to our cost;
 Yet two or three still ruld the Ross;
 Some of which play'd such pranks at home,
 As never Pope presum'd at Rome.
 It is the simplest of all tricks
 To suffer fools have Chopping-sticks.
 A sword put in a wood mans hand,
 Breed meikle trouble to the Land.

SQUIRE,

The Squire reply'd, they'r scarce of news,
 Who tells, their Mother haunted stews.
 Who on his Brother rubs disgrace,
 He spits upon his Mothers face.
 Each Covenanter is our Brother,
 The Covenant, of all is Mother,
 Their wit is dull, and very gross;
 Who think where Gold is, there's no dross
 Where there is Corn, there may be Chaff,
 Where there is Malt there may be Draff:
 Thistles with Corn grow on the Riggs,
 And Rogues may lurk among the Whiggs,
 And Friars in Lent, may be Flesh Eaters,
 And Covenanters may be Cheaters,
 And Weeds grow up with fairest Flowers,
 And sighing sisters may be Whoors.
 As Fruit on Trees grow, so grow Leaves,

Its certain Bishops may be Knaves;
 Its known to all, the Devil may dwell
 In some of fourteen, as of twell.
 To blame a Caste for persons Vices,
 Is one of Satans main devices,
 By which he very oft doth make
 Well meaning Men the Truth forsake;
 But let us first the Question state,
 Before we enter in debate,
 Which of the two should bear the sway;
 The Miters, or the Elders Lay.

K N I G H T,

The Knight did pause a prettie while;
 Then answered with a scornful smile;
 I tell thee, fool, I think Government
 Of Church, a thing of small concernment;
 The Truth it's very hard to find,
 It puzzleth the learned'st mind.
 Some do the Presbytry conceive
 New forg'd by *Calvine* at *Geneve*;
 Some say, he put to execution
Paul the Apostles Institution;
 Which suffered exile and ejection,
 The time of *Pauls* foretold defection.
 Some say, since Bishops did appear,
 Its more then fifteen Hundred year;
 Some say that then they did begin
 The Pope of *Rome* to usher in:
 That *Pauls* iniquities, mystery working,
 Was Men, then for precedency forking.

Some

Some Presbyterians do conclude;
 But Bishops say, such thoughts delude;
 Which comes from brains which have a Bee,
 Like *Urbair's* Trigonometric.
 Some Bishops prove by Scripture-phrases
 As by the word *substantia*
 How *John* the Angels eleven did greet,
 Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in Crete.
 But other some boldly asserts,
 Who reason so, the Text perverts.
 Some called the Bishops weather cocks,
 Who where their Heads were turn their docks
 Still stout for them who gives them most,
 And who will make them rule the Rost.
 Some say, that Bishops have been good,
 And seal'd the Gospel with their blood;
 As ready for the Truth at call,
 As any Whigg among us all.
 Perhaps a railing toolish Ranter
 Will tell a Bishop Covenanter
 An honest Clergy man will be,
 When Cable passeth Needles eye:
 For some of such play'd a pavier,
 Though all the Cable of the Navie,
 In one, should pass through Needles eye,
 Whiggs still would doubt their honesty.
 Some say, a Bishop Covenanter,
 If a penitent Repenter;
 Causeth more joy to Sp'rits Divine,
 Than all the other ninety nine.
 Some father Takes upon King *JAMES*,

To

To sundry Presbyterian Dames,
 That he was forc'd of Knaves to make them,
 For Devil an honest man would take them,
 Some say, the King gave never leave
 To make a Bishop of a Knave,
 That those men are evil speakers;
 Tax'd by *Jude*, *Spiritual Quakers*;
 That none doth hate Nobility,
 For Quakers blaming Herauldry.
 And some again are, who compares
 Our Bishops unto Baiting Bears;
 Who, if they be not kept in aw,
 They will tear all with teeth and paw;
 Yet irascible in every thing,
 It in their snout ye put a Ring.
 And many men again there be
 Who say the same of Presbytrie;
 And some say this and some say that,
 And some affirm, they know not what:
 Its grief to see them Scripture vex,
 And wrest it, like a Nole of Wax;
 And he who is deceived most
 All Fathers on the Holy Ghost.
 Some quitting Prophets and Apostles,
 Think best to plead the cause by Postills;
 And some do dispute by Tradition,
 Some calls that Popish superstition;
 And some affirm, that they had rather
 Follow a Counsel, than a Father:
 And some affirm, it buits not whether:
 They are blind Leaders all together.

And since the truth is found by none;
 No more than is that turn Gold Stone;
 Is best, *Zanebo*, for ought I see,
 To take a Pint, and then agree.
 Let men have Bishops at their ease,
 And hear what Preachers best them please;
 If we be freed of Declaration,
 And of that other great vexation
 We mentioned in our Petition;
 We'll alter it on no condition;
 Then we will serve the King as much
 Against the *Dage*, and *French*, and *Dutch*,
 As any in his three Dominions
 Who hateth us, or our opinions:
 If he command us, we will come
 Like *Goths*, and scale the Walls of *Rome*,
 And bereave *Babels* Whoore of breath,
 Or die the Duke of *Barbon's* death.

SQUIRE

The Squire made many odd Gtimals
 Ere he could speak, like *Balaams* *Ass*;
 Sometime he wink'd, Sometime look'd up,
 And running backward like a Tupp,
 For to return with great force,
 He snorted like a very Horse;
 One though upon another tumbled,
 One while he grin'd, another grumbled,
 At last, like *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Durist*,
 He gave a Broad-side in a fury:
 Looking as he would eat them all,

His

His words flew out like Cannon Ball.
 The love of Pelf comes from the Devil;
 It's root of all mischief and evil:
 It makes Lords sup without a Candle,
 When none can see their Knife to handle:
 VVhile to bring Candies servants lingers,
 Ten Candles will not heal their Fingers.
 It makes Fore heads and Shins to bleed,
 By saving Candle, to light to bed.
 It makes them keep their Celler Keyes,
 Set secret marks on Hamms and Cheeses,
 VVhich, if but in the least defaced,
 VVives, Servants, Bairns are all manaced.
 It makes them prigg for Milk and Eggs:
 Put in a Broth Cocks, halfs, and Leggs:
 It makes them Clout Elbows and Breasts,
 Keep Rinded Butter in Charter Chests,
 Till Ratts eat all their Law-defences,
 And families old evidences:
 It makes them pay their Malons VVages
 By Uury, on VVedds, and Gadges
 Taken from VVidows, who were plundered,
 By paying Foutty in the Hundred.
 It corrup Hamell, Sharp, and Sweet,
 It poysons all, like *Aconite*;
 If it touch Hide, it goes to Heart,
 And so affecteth every part.
 The great Ones do betray their trust.
 Ladies throw Honour in the dust,
 Like those who tread the *Cyprian Dance*
 VVith that *Financier of France*.

It Puritans doth make of Ranters;
 And Cavaleers of Covenanters;
 Of Lords and Earls it makes Drapers;
 Of Priests and Levites it makes Capers.
 It maketh grave and reverend Cheats
 In Pulpits and Tribunal Seats:
 For any crime it finds defences,
 With Oaths, it like a Pope dispences:
 It causeth among Brethren strife,
 It makes a Man Pimp to his Wife:
 It makes yeeld Fortresses and Towns
 Sooner then Armies with great Guns:
 It lets a fire Cities and Streets,
 It raiseth Tragedies in Fleets;
 It makes the vanquished victorious,
 And soyl then victory more glorious:
 It makes rebellion rife and fall,
 And hath such influence on all,
 That whom it made rebellious Nurses,
 It loyal makes, to fill their Purles:
 It cauleth many a bloody strife,
 When needy male-content grow rife:
 Then by it Church and State are mended,
 And will he till the world be ended.
 Master, we all observe and mark,
 Since ye once doubt ye will embarque.
 Why do ye conscience so neglect?
 Or, what, Master, can ye expect?
 Although among the VVhiggs ye Preach,
 A Bishoprick ye cannot reach:
 For Bishopricks are giv'n to none

Like

Like Presbyterian *John Gillon*,
 Who, when he takes the Preaching turn,
 Will make mee laugh then he makes mourne
 Ye have insul'd in us Sedition,
 Ye will us leave in that Condition:
 And then cause Print a Book of season,
 Tax whom ye have seduc'd of Treason,
 And when so doing all men see,
 Ye sing the *psalmod* of *Lee*.
 The Cavaleers will still you call
 The Archeest Rebel of us all.
 Thus having said, he made a halt;
 And stood, like *Lots* Wife turn'd to salt;
 With Ear attentive, earnest Eye,
 He did expect the Knights Reply.

KNIGHT,

Who stoak'd his Beard, and bit his Lip,
 And wip'd his Nose, and scratch'd his Hip,
 He wry'd his Mouth, and knit his Brows,
 He changed more then twenty hues;
 His Hands did tremble, his Teeth did chatter;
 His Eyes turn'd up, his Bumme did clatter,
 His Tongue on Teeth, & Gumes did hammer.
 He fain would speak; but still did stammer.
 His Garb was strange, dreadful, uncouth;
 Till through his Epileprick Mouth
 Those following speeches fierce and loud
 Burst out, like Thunder through a Cloud:
 Thou poysons all, my little Grew,
 Thou sentence-speaking Carnifex.

Thou

Thou hardy and presumptuous art
 To meddle so with peace and war;
 Rub my Horse-belly and his Coats,
 And when I get them, dight my Boots:
 For they are better then Gramashes
 For me, who through the Dubs so plashes:
 Yet I'll wear none, till I put on
 Those of the priest of *Livingston*;
 Who, when they hid them in the Riggs,
 Said they were plundr'd by the Whiggs;
 Unto another priest, his Marrow,
 Who sent a Maid his Boots to borrow:
 Whole Boots were plundered indeed,
 As was his Salt-beef, and his Steed.
 Teach what I please, thou'lt not forbear
 To meddle with things without thy Sphear;
 Like Taylors making Boots or Shooes,
 Or like Shoe-makers making Hose.
 Like some I know, as blind as Owls,
 Playing at Tennice, and at Bowls,
 And sometime shooting at a mark,
 Like *Passavantius* playing the Clerk:
 Who meddled with, he knew not what,
 That he might get from *Rome* a Hat.
 Men oft by change of station tynes,
 Good Lawyers may prove bad Divines:
 Like *Sadoleso's* Dog in Satine,
 Like *Ignoramus* speaking Latine:
 Which raised most unnatural Jarrs,
 As between Law and Gospel Wars.
 Like *Bembie's* Parrat singing Masses,

E

Like

Like men of seventy Courting Ladies;
 Like Highland Lady's knoping speeches;
 When they are scolding for the Breeches;
 Like *Maffionella* freeing *Naples*
 From *Gabell's* put on Roots and Apples;
 Like Taylours scanning State concerns;
 Or Coblers clouting Church Governments;
 Like some attempting tricks in Statiques,
 Not ver'd in *Euclid's* *Mathematiques*.
 Like Pipers mending *Morleys* Musick,
 Or Gardeners *Parascelfus* Physick.
 Like Atheists pleading Law refuges;
 Like Country Treisters turning Judges;
 Like Preachers stirring up Devotions,
 By Preaching Militarie motions;
 Proving there uses and didactiques,
 By passages of *Ælians* tactiques,
 Like Ladies making water standing, (ing)
 Like young Lairds, Horse & Foot command;
 Like Monkeys playing on a Fiddle,
 Or Eunuchs on a Ladies middle.
 Like Gilliwetfoots purging States
 By papers thrown in pocks or Hats;
 That they might be, when purg'd from dung
 Secretaries for the *Irish* Tongue.
 Great wounds, yet curable, still faister.
 When fools presume to rule their Masters;
 As sad experience teach'd of late,
 When such reformed Church and State;
 Though all the Publick did pretend,
 All almost had a privat end.

There

There was no place of War, or State,
 But was by twenty aimed at;
 Whereof nineteen were disappointed,
 Which made the Body whole disjoynted;
 And rail'd among them such divisions,
 That they were to their friends derisions.
 Some aim'd at the Embroidered Purse;
 Some the Finances, to deburse,
 And other some thought to be getters,
 By writing of the privy Letters:
 Some aim'd at privy Seal, or Rolls;
 Some customis gathered in, and Tolls;
 Some did dry Quarterings enforce,
 Some lodg'd in Pockets foot and Horse:
 Yet still Bogg-selented, when they yoked,
 For all the Garrison in their Pocket:
 And some made men mortgage their Lands,
 To lend money on publick Bands;
 To be pay'd at the Resurrection:
 Some Fines pay'd who oppos'd defection;
 Some sold the Souldiers mitie Meal,
 And some did from the publick steal;
 And some, as every body says,
 Us'd more then other twenty ways:
 Yet notwithstanding of all that,
 They were lean Kine devouring fat.
 None gained by those bloody lairds,
 But two three Beggars who turn'd Lairds;
 Who stealing publick Geese and Wedders,
 Were freed, by rendering Skin and Feathers.
 When others of this Church and Nation

Returns unto their former station :
 And now, for all their stomachs stout ;
 Comes home more fool then they went out
 Thou, like a Firebrand, dost advise
 Us to be fools, when all are wise :
 Thy endeavours are all in vain ;
 E're we shall play such pranks again ;
 The *Patagons* shall Masses mumble,
 The Dons of *Spain* shall all be humble,
Italians shall speak as they think,
Germaines, when Sun's set, shall not drink ;
Swedes gaining day, shall not pile baggage,
 And *English* hate shall Beef and Cabbage,
 The *Russ* and *Pole* shall never jarr,
Danes shall gain by a *Swedish* War ;
 Victorious *Turk* shall stand to reason ;
Scots shall be bear, and not blame treason ;
 The *Dutch* shall Brandie slight, and Butter,
 And *England* conquer by *De Ruyter* :
 The first burnt ardor of *French* hearts
 Shall not turn to rack of farts,
 And they shall spell as they do speak ;
 And they shall sing as they do prick :
 With Oaths they shall not lard their speeches,
 Nor change the fashion of their Breeches.
 All shall have for assured news,
 That *Pope* from *Rome* hath banish'd Stews :
 Rebellion shall return from hell ;
 And do things which I will not tell.
 Though it were true, as some compares
 Our Bishops unto baiting Bears,

Who

Who if they be not kept in aw,
 They will tear all with teeth and paw,
 Yet many utterly mislike,
 That Butcher Presbyterian rycks
 Should flee upon their throats and faces;
 To curb their Lordships, and their Graces :
 His Majesty without all doubt,
 Should only Ring them in the Inout.
 If they so swell, that none can bide
 Their malice, avarice, and pride ;
 Vices, which all the world doth ken
 Familiar to Clergy-men,
 Of which, though palliat with Art,
 Our own Presbytry had their part.
 Our duty is, with all submission,
 To press the grant of our Petition :
 The King will suffer us perchance,
 As *Lewis* doth *Huggonots* in France;
 And in his Wars, Civil and Forraign,
 Make me command in chief, like *Turraim*;
 And though he grant not our demands,
 Away with Covenants and bands;
 Kings must command, we must obey,
 They Rebels are, who truth can say.
 Some tell, we must the truth so love;
 As of it not to quite a hoove.
 As said another fool, they marrow,
 As if his Majesty were *Pharo*.
 For my part e're I trouble peace,
 Ple Bishops call, My Lord and Graces,
 And kneel at the Communion Table,

Make Christmas Feasts, if I be able;
 Privat Sacraments I'll avow
 Childrens confirming I'll allow;
 And I will hear the Organ's play,
 And Amen to the Service say.
 I'll Surplice wear, and High sleev'd gown;
 And to the Altar I'll bow down.
 Yea, e're his Majestie be wroth,
 I'll Primat be, and Chancelloꝝ both.

SQUIRE.

The Squire replied in a chaff;
 He giv'd so, that he seem'd to last:
 And when ye travel in Carosses.
 Ye will salute the High way Crosses;
 And when with danger ye are prest,
 Ye will cros, sign fore-head and breast;
 And ye will to our Lady pray,
 And travel on the Sabbath day;
 And ye will play with Lords and Lairds
 All Sermon time at Dice and Cards,
 And Duels fight like those of *France*,
 And drunk and Creeple lead a dance,
 And ye will venture Ax and Rope,
 By writing Letters to the Pope,
 To tell him, though ye here by *Haman*,
 Ye worship with the King like *Naman*,
 And then accuse us all of Treason;
 When ye put out your Book of Season.

KNIGHT.

The Knight look'd fiercely then about,

Thus

Thus thundering with a dreadfull shout;
 Constant madness thy brains intrals.
 Thou hast no Lucid Intervals.
 Thy Walpish Tongue will never fail
 To prat, to scold, revile and rail :
 Though men should bray thee all to powder,
 Thou still, *Therister*, playes the louder.
 All honest and unbyass'd ken
 Those whom thou means't, weer worthis men
 They had some faults though not so big,
 As rotten Flees to spoil a Pigg
 Of Ointment; sooner it is known,
 We other faults see, then our own.
 Presbyterian, never one
 Faultless, at them could cast a stone.
 Is certain, it comes from the Devil,
 To hide men's good and tell their evil :
 They never learned that of *Paul*,
 Or *David*, when he mourned for *Saul*.
 Thou art a Cocks-comb, void of reason;
 To tell me of a Book of season :
 Thou learnd'st when thou kept sheep & Hogs
 With one stone for to hit two Dogs,
 Though thou spieu Venom lik a Toad.
 That Book is much esteem'd abraod.

SQUIRE

The Squire replied, many deem
 Beyond Sea it is in esteem :
 When once it passed *Pentland Firth*,
 It rail'd among them such a mirth,

Thas

That some for laughter burst their Rheens;
 And other some did split their Spleens:
 They cherish'd it in every School,
 To be their Bibliotheca's fool;
 When serious reading health did spill;
 That they might read and laugh their fill;
 Physicians it prescrib'd to men
 As Cure approved for the spleen;
 At publick Meetings and at Feasts,
 It was the Topicks of their Jest.
 Some say, since known all his life
 To have with the Bishops strife:
 Since for the Covenant none more wood,
 To make three Nations swim in blood:
 Since he spar'd none whom he could reach,
 Who 'gainst the Engagement did not preach,
 Since to the Cause he stuck so fast,
 Since Bishops was restor'd at last,
 That in the Pulpit he did grant
 A Bishop was the Devils plant.
 Giving to all his Hearers leave,
 If ever he turn'd to call him knave.
 And since, as every body says,
 He chang'd in less then twenty dayes:
 It's very like, at others budding,
 He turn'd his Coat for Cake and Pudding;
 Some say, he is a sounding Brass,
 Which signifies a prating Als:
 He brings no reason which can bind,
 But only fights against the wind.
 It's clear, that it doth with him fare

As with *Sampson* without his Hair;
 Before his change his wit was tough,
 And he could reason well enough
 But now he kytheth like a fool,
 As one would whipp a Boy at School,
 To vent in Print so little reason.
 And call it an Advice in Sealon.
 Some say, that he treads Bishops Path;
 As *David* serv'd the King of *Gath*.
 Though men to censure him be rash,
 He gives the Bishops such a dash,
 They need not brag their cause is won
 By the Foster of *Henderson*.
 Some say, he Bishops doth betray,
 That Presbytry may gain the day,
 Who fed him for their Champion bidden,
 Others affirm, they are out bidden;
 Which makes him take a contrair Task,
 As *Edward* answered once *Sonsbeske*.
 A modest man wrot in a Letter,
 He might have pleaded meikle better.
 The charitable do not fear,
 But for a thousand Merks a Year
 He would the Bishops yet withstand.
 If Covenanters rul'd the Land.

KNIGHT.

Then said the Knight, though in a Morter
 I Bray this fool, to no exhorter,
 Thou wilt give care, he'll put thee to it.

SQUIRE

SQUIRE,

To whom the Squire, what though he do it,
 Both Reason there and Justice halts,
 Where one's blam'd for anothers faults.
 Was never Judge did things so foul,
 Except himself, once at *Saints Rule* :
 He forg'd Records, and them Enacted
 To bear false Witness, when Extracted.
 I cannot tell, till I advise,
 Whether he did it twice or thrice.
 Next, I will tell that he gave leave
 If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave :
 But he can challenge no Reflection
 Put on him at his own Direction :
 He is oblig'd to keep his word
 As well as one who wears a Sword.
 But if he chance to be so wroth,
 As to break Word, as well as Oath,
 I'll tell him, I take frantick fits,
 And am distracted of my wits :
 As he, and others said of late,
 When they misguided Church and State.
 And I them tax'd of forg'd Records,
 As I can prove before the Lords :
 If that succeed, not it effects
 That I be judged by my Peers,
 That is, by fifteen Poetasters,
 Half Fools, half Beggars, half Butlersquers :
 All of them prov'd, Drinkers, Whoorsers,
 By Preachers, Forgers, and Perjurers.
 E're such a Jury can be gotten,

Is certain, I'll be dead and rotten;
 Or if Justice so shall halt,
 As to cause hang me for this fault;
 Hanging to me will be less trouble
 Than worrying on a windy bubble
 At a Dike-side, or under a stair,
 If weather be not very fair.

KNIGHT.

But then the Knight we hear, he'll quarrel,
 That thou once served *Albemarle*.

SQUIRE.

To which the Squire, I have no fears;
 He dar not challeng't for his ears;
 For I can make appear to all
 They toss'd me to him like a Ball.
 Next, ask that Duke, in any thing
 If ever I did prejudge the King.
 I forc'd was to dissimulation,
 To shun a Rop, and serve my Nation
 I did no evil, but meikle good,
 Saving mens money, and theit Blood;
 Which services I did for nought,
 Which were from men far richer brought.
 That Duke can tell, he did suspect it,
 Albeit to try, he did neglect it:
 When by theit crafty instigation;
 He urg'd was to my accusation.
 They all tell now of *Albemarle*;
 But they told him another quarrel,

In pleading I could touch a string;
Whole sound will make their ears to ring.

K N I G H T,

The Knight said tush they'l no more sturr,
Then Moon, when bark'd at by a Curr.
For all they prat, on no condition,
I mind to alter the Petition.

S Q U I R E,

Then said the Squire, if ye'l not mend it,
Advise at least by whom to send it:
Since we petition for Religion,
Your Lady, or your Dog, or Pigeon
VVere fittest to be sent, if other;
I'm sore afraid we lose a Brother:
For I dare swear upon th'Evangell,
VVhen he hath got from each his Angel,
To help his charges to defray,
The Fellow will us all betray.

K N I G H T,

VVhen things succeed not; fools do flite;
Giving betraying all the wite,
Replv'd the Knight, they said of late
They were betray'd, when they were beat;
And they said true, who did not stand,
Betrayed are by heart and hand:
But to the point, as for my VVife;
I'll never send her in my Life:
For fear some Courtier or other

would

Would make me old King *Arthurs* Brother.
 My Dog is an unruly Curr,
 And at the Court will keep a sturr,
 Seeing Conformists up and down,
 He barks so at the high sleev'd Gown,
 That Bishops either will cause stone him,
 Or else yoa^k Boucher Dogs upon him.
 As for my Pigeon, it cannot be,
 She hath another gate to flee :
 A Message she hath tane in hand,
 To search for that most happy Land,
 Unknown to any heretofore,
 But only to Sir *Thomas More* :
 Where we intend to fix Plantation.
 If forc'd to change our Habitation.
 And since a Poet rightly hits,
 That greatest fools have greatest wits,
 To shun self-dealing, it is fit:
 To choose one not outgrown in wit :
 So he can Buffonize, and Jest.
 At publick Meeting, and at Feast,
 And catch a time to tell the truth,
 Like *Dauids* great Grand Mother *Ruth*.
 The Whiggs with an applauding hallow
 Cry'd out, his counsel they would follow :
 Which once concluded, all arose,
 And set on Pans to make their Brose.
 When after that some fools were named
 To be employ'd, they all were blamed :
 And none thought fit, they still enquire,
 And find none fitter then the Squire

On

On him then they entorc'd the Message,
 When he went out on his Embassage;
 How at the Court they did arrive,
 How to affront them they did strive:
 But how the Buffons all he outted;
 How *Hudibras* his Squire he routed:
 When they two yoked by the Ears
 About the baiting of the Bears:
 And how he manag'd every thing,
 And how he harrang'd to the King:
 And how he cited ends of Verses,
 And sayings of Philosphers;
 At which some laugh'd, and some were vex'd,
 Ye'l be advertis'd by the next.

F I N I S.



MOCK-POEM

OR,

WHIGGS SUPPLICATION.

PART II.

WHEN Bushes budded, and Trees did chip,
 And Lambs by Suns approach did skip;
 When Mires grew hard, like tosted Bread,
 That Men might through the *Carses* ride,
 When Folks drew blood of Arms and Leggs,
 When Geese and Turkeys hatched Eggs:
 When poor folks pots were fill'd with Nettles,
 When Fish did domineer in Ketles;
 When *Lent* did sore annoy the Glutton;
 When Sun left Fish to lodge with mutton:
 When night and day were of like length,
 Of *March* the eighth, or twelfth at tenth:
 When several Criticks, great and small,
 By mending Lines, did marr them all.
 When Transcribers preposterous speed
 Made them like Pictures spoil'd with Three
 On *Arras* Hangings back-side, when
 The lowr'd mistakings of some men,

Made

Made several great Wits of the Land
 Blame what they did no understand ;
 And some to hunt a Flea contrive ;
 The Squire near *London* did arrive :
 To meet him Old and Young came forth ;
 As *Rome* did once see *Jugurth*.
 They knew each passage of his Journal,
 Both by report and by Diurnal :
 We dread, they will him sore abuse,
 But let us first invock the Muse.

Thou Muse, who never dost abandon
 Those who have scarce a Legg to stand on,
 When they ascend *Parnassus* Mountain,
 Till in the end they taste a Fountain
 Which makes an Owl then them sing sweeter,
 Make me once more a Fool in Metter ;
 That I may be of all admired,
 Confuting Presbytry, casheered ;
 Which I of late so much adored :
 But now, when I get nothing for it,
 Make me, O Muse ! to change my Note,
 Declare against it, turn my Coat :
 Compelce me, Muse, these stout Bravado's
 Of these stiff necked Reformado's :
 Who still mainrain unto this day,
 They have th'Office though they want pay,
 In others Harvest putting their Sickles,
 Troubling the Land with Conventicles ;
 Whose stubborn hearts cannot be turned,
 By the Dialogues of *Gilbert Burnet*,

Prove, Mule, that Synod men, Church Ward
 Are Bears, and Synods are Bear Gardens; (ens
 For both have tongues, and teeth, and nails;
 But, Mule, what wilt thou do for tails?
 But that's all one, the matter's small,
 For true Bears have no tails at all:
 And so the simile still jumps,
 In stead of tails thou'lt find their rumps.
 When thou shew'st how the Squire disputed;
 And *Ralph* the Sectary confuted;
 That he of wits almost bereft him:
 But to the Squire now where we left him.

He melted all in tears for pity,
 Seeing the ruins of the City:
 But when he saw in other places
 Houses arise with goodly faces,
 And Turrets mounting up, and soaring,
 And the Air's middle Region boaring;
 So Phoenix, when it's burnt in Spices,
 Up starts another from its ashes.
 Cry'd out the Squire, *Rome* once was burn'd
 By *Frensh*, then Worlds Mistrials turn'd,
 God may the same to *London* grant,
 If it renew the Covenant.
 While this he spoke, his horse he lights off,
 And with his Handkerchief he dights off
 Tears from his eyes, then on the ground
 He groveling lyes meditating,
 His Horses grievous succussion
 Had to exoriat his Foundation,

(72)
That till the Hide his Hips did come on,
The Earth he could not set his Bum on.
Then after last Ejaculations,
He vents these following Meditations
Wallace, quoth he, having adoe,
Still eat the quarter of a Cow,
And to the boot, ere Cloaths were put on;
He would sometimes dispatch a Mutton;
For when he wanted morning fare,
He was like *Sambson* without hair (twell;
A Priest whole Teeth did Head and Leggs
Did still eat Powder'd Beef and Eggs twell
Before he Preach'd, else he half dumb sings
Like to a fiddle wanting some Strings.
Hence by experience I gather,
He is a liar, though my Father,
Who thinks a man can do or speak well;
Who do neglect his fast to break well.
I am engag'd in a Transaction,
Quoth he, requiring Tongue and Action;
That to my Tackling I may fast stick,
Though I should lose my Ears like *Bastwick*;
Though they should ry me Heel and Neck fast,
It's requisite I take my Break-fast.

This sad, his Budget he unlooseth;
And all the wealth within discloseth;
Which for variety did scorn
The wealthy *Amelthea's* Horn;
Or the rich Abbey of St. *Lawrence*,
Or Cabine of the Duke of *Florence*.

Just like the Pocks of *Graham* and *Gabry*,
 It was his Vestry and his Buttery:
 His Lardner and his Bibliothek,
 There lyes of Oat-meal neer a peck,
 With Waters help with Girdles hot Bakes,
 And turns to Bannocks, and to Oat Cakes.
 There a piece Beef, there a piece Cheese lyes,
 And there an Old Night Cap of Fretze lyes,
 His head attire, when he the house keeps,
 On which now here and there a Louse creeps.
 Here lyes a pair of Shoes ne're put on,
 And there lyes a Poble Man of Mutton.
 There lyes halt dozen elies of Pig-rail,
 There his Panash, and Cassons big-tail,
 With white in middle, shining Scar-like,
 And there be Onion heads and Garlick,
 The food of Turkish Janizaries;
 There Turpentine and Larie Berris;
 His Medicine for passage sweer,
 That for the Van, thele for the Reer;
 And there a piece of Poudered fish lyes,
 And there some Butter in a dish lyes;
 There Turnips thirty inch about lyes,
 And there some Pepper in a clout lyes;
 There Fingrum Stockins spun on Rocks lyes,
 And there his Sneezing Miln and Box lyes;
 There lyes his Elson and his Lingle,
 Which double-fold shoes makes of single,
 With help of old pieces of Leather;
 There lyes some Wool that he did gather,
 Left by the Sheep as certain pledges,

They were intrangled in the Hedges!
There Clouts and Papers little Mugs
As in Apothecaries Drug Shops,
With Vinegar and Oyl for Sallads,
And there lyes Books, and there lyes Ballads
As Davie Lindsay, and Gray steel,
Squire Mel drum, Bewis, and Adam Bell,
There Bruce, and Wallace, fierce-like *Mark*
KNIGHT.

There lyes *Dialogues* which his Arle dight
There *Last good nights*, and *Chevie Chase*,
With *Gendarms* in the Frontispiece,
Which makes more weep, when they read on it
Thou Curates Sermons, sic upon it!
And there lyes Bands, Shirts and Cravats,
There two three skins of Lambs and Rabbits
For to commence a *London Trade*,
And this was all the *Wealth* he had,
But pardon me I had forgot,
There was some other thing I wot,
I think it powder was and Lead
To shoot the Bishop through the head.

He takes a Bible with Covering worn off
And ending and beginning torn off:
He reads and then he says the Grace,
Then to his *Victuals* falls apace.

When first bitt scarce down t throat was sliding
Within a dayes march of the midding,
Then he a multitude espies

Appro

Approaching him with shouts and cries,
 He leaves his victuals, talls a gazing,
 Just like a Cupp when he's a grazing.
 When folks comes by, he flighs his food,
 Stares in their face, and chews his Cude.
 He thought these fools came out to meet him,
 That first they might salute and greet him,
 That afterwards they might him bring
 VVith greater pomp unto the King. }
 Such honour at their entry-hours
 Are due unto Embassadours.
 Both dust and sweat from face he rubs off
 A Looki g-glass he makes the dubs of:
 He trims his Beard, and then his Head too,
 Right basket-hike on Shoulder-blade too,
 His hands he washes, pairs his nails
 Takes his panasse of Capons tails,
 VVnich he pins on before his Hats
 He put about a clean Cravat,
 And then upon his hands he streeches
 Two yellow Gloves, with Green silk steeches
 Leaps to his horse, and on he went,
 To take and give the Complement:
 VVhile hips excoreat, made him swadle
 Through all the corners of the ladle.

VVhen he the multitude approaches,
 His Eyes he fixe first on the Coaches,
 Ranged like wild Geete in a line,
 Then cryed he out, no friend of mine
 I can hinder thole, shall enter.

'Tis wonder people to should venture,
 To break their arms, and legs, and heads;
 And to disjunct their shoulder blades:
 Ladies to have their naked Breaches,
 Both view'd and Lanced by the Leeches,
 Which made the husbands forth a Tuck hold
 Swearing the Rogue would make them Cuck-
 Those made a lady of our Land (old)
 Upon her neck and shoulders stand
 With a third of half dozen Thighs,
 Naked erected to the Skins,
 And ore that posture she was got off,
 Many did see the thing ye wor of,
 Which when they told her, readily
 She answered, she wondered why
 They did not kils't, and take their leave on't
 It was the last sight they should have on't
 She vow'd thereafter, well I wot,
 With her Grand dame to walk a foot
 When Coach-men drinks, & Horses stumble,
 It's hard to mits a Barla-tumble.

Then did he seriously begin
 Well to consider those within:
 He loon perceived by their postures
 They were no Nuns brought up in Cloysters
 To show their Legs, some cruls their Laps,
 Some throw off Scarffs to show their Paps,
 Some Masked were the Sun to keep out,
 Which lifting now and then, they peep out
 Widows from Vails set out their Noles,

As Snails do from their Shelly Houses;
As they would say unto the Gallants,
Come, Gentlemen, behold our Talents:
Come nearer, that we may espy you,
If ye be ought worth, we will buy you:
VWhere ten to one. some get a fortune,
As one did with my Lady Norton.

Among the rest he did espy ones.
VWhom he conceived to be Hee ones:
Those he believed were his Mates,
Embassadours of Kings and States.
To do him Honour at his Entry,
VWith the Nobility and Gentry:
He cry'd to them to keep the peace;
And not to wrangle for the place,
For all of them remembred well,
Of that Bowtad of Bateveile.
VWhich cost the lives of brave Commanders,
And well nigh lost his Master *Flanders*,
He bids them all take place by Lots,
No King had place, but he, of *Scots*,
Whose Royal Ancestors, it's clear
Has kept one Race two thousand year;
Whose Successors as yet elcaped
The tricks of *Pipin*, and *Hugh Capes*,
Others are not of that condition,
They'r Kings but of a late Edition:
Though some be small, and others greater,
Yet who go first, or last, no matter;
For all their Gold, Spices, and Wines,
They

They come from interrupted Lines.

Being inform'd of his mistake,
It was to Ladies that he spake.
What Devil they are, replyed the Squire,
They'r men in Garb, and in Attire,
They've Vests, they've Swords, they've Piriwigs
They tread the measure of the Giggs,
Just like the men, their Buttocks vaper,
They cast their Gammonds up, and Caper,
They Cajole Ladies at the Balls too:
And standing pils against the Walls too,
They're spur'd & Booted when they ride too
And gallop, when they hunt, astride too,
With swords and pistols they fight hard too,
Some have appearance of a Beard too:
And, which of all's the greatest wonder,
They ly above, their Gallants under.
Me's Dames, quoth he, that we may ken
Whether ye women be, or men?
It's fit ye open keep before
About a Trencher breadth, or more:
Ye're Monsters, if that do not measure
The Circuits of your Holes of pleasure,

While he was giving this advice,
They all surround him in a trice,
All wondring at his Equipage:
Some ask'd his Horses price and age:
If there came symphathetick speed
From Riders heel, or heel of Steed;

If there came an enchanting force
 To Masters Purse, from Skin of Horse;
 Some, why no Spurs, his side to claw,
 And for Boots, several Ropes of Straw:
 Why Sods for Saddle, and branks for Bridle;
 And Plaids for Scaff about his middle.
 Some asked his Panashes price,
 It was a Bird of Paradise,
 Some ask'd if Basket Hilt and Dudgeon
 Had ever set a work Chirurgeon
 Some Jeer'd the long Crown of his hat,
 Some at his Gloves, some his Cravat,
 Asking more questions at once
 Than would have puzzled *John of Duns*
 Or *Bonaventure*, or *Socinas*,
 Or *Biel Ockam*, or *Aquinas*.

When *Sinan* Bassa Charg'd a Hill;
 To try his Military skill;
 Though many a grievous wound it got
 By Cannon, and by Musquet shot,
 The Hill did neither bow nor bend,
 Although he charg'd it thrice on end,
 But still abode him face to face,
 Chusing to dy upon the place,
 Rather then turn its back and yield;
 Just so the Squire did keep the Field;
 And bravely did receive their Tongue there;
 Just as the Hill did *Sinan's* Gun shot:
 He stood as senseless as a stock is,
 Or among raging Waves, a Rock is,
 When furiously they knock its Crown,

To put ill counsel from the King;
 And that his Majesty would grant
 Renewing of the Covenant.
 And had Commission for to tell him;
 If he refus'd they would compel him.
 When thus they pressed him so fast:
 Patience turn'd fury at the last:
 These last words did him so irage;
 He fac'd about and gave a Charge.
 Then with his Tongue out, thus he fluters;
 With face awry, like old Cheese Cutters.
 You curs'd Antichristian Rable,
 Ye Mungrels of the Whore of Babel;
 Ye Sectaries, and Covenant-breakers,
 Half Cuckold, and half Cuckold-makers;
 For all your flouting, and your ranting;
 When we went first a Covenanting:
 Ye did us court, ye did us bribe,
 Invited us like *Juda's* Tribe,
 To purge your ten Tribes of *Israel*
 From *Jeroboams* Calf, and *Baal*:
 Your Money mov'd our Conscience
 To arm our selves in your Defence.
 When your Intentions you had got,
 And by our means, had under foot
 Trode all your foes, and them defeated,
 At last, we found we were but cheated.
 Your quarrel was, pretended bondage,
 By reason of Tunage and of Poundage,
 To get Militia by Law:
 To keep his Majesty in aw:

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To make it break, or make it drow;
 At last, he said, with sober grace,
 When ye grow hoarse ye'f hold your peace;
 Then fair and softly on he tripp'd,
 Far, like a Spaniard when he's whipped
 He thought it was a great disgrace
 For to accelerat his pace.

When they him saw so little troubled,
 Then they their Questions Redoubled;
 Some ask'd his Errand, and his Name,
 And from what Potentat he came;
 From Turk, or Sephee or Mogull?
 Who wear much Linnen on their Skull,
 Or from either Tartarian Cham?
 Who of their Horse Hips make a Ham;
 Or from Pegu, or from Chini?
 Or from the Emperour Abissine?
 Or from the Muscovite, or Poll?
 Or Dane? whose chieftest wealth is TOLL
 Or from the Emperour, or the Swede?
 Or Hogen Mogen Brother hood?
 From the Savoyard, or the Swisse?
 Who Apples teeths with roasted Geese;
 From Florentine or Porteguese,
 Or from Morocco, or from Fess?
 Or if he came from Spain or France?
 Or from some Indian Weerewance?
 To barter Gold and Beaver Skins
 For Glasses, Beads, and Knives and Pins;
 Or from the Presbyterian Scots?
 Who never yet had turn'd their Coats!
 To Did he a Supplication bring To

To free your selves when money want
 From Inquisitions and Taxes;
 Your only end was self enriching,
 Your sole Religion was your Kitching
 You valued Puddings sold in pocks
 More than Religions Orthodox:
 Whereas we witness GOLD and Angels;
 Prophets, Apostles, and Evangels;
 For trash, or any Earthly thing,
 We never did oppose the King:
 Yea, all of us, both great and small
 Will quit him Lives, and Lands, and all
 So he give way to purge the Temple,
 As plealeth Mr. *Gabriel Simplex*
 He spoke so thick, he paus'd a little,
 And having cleans'd his beard from spittle
 Like *Tindale* at the stake, he cries
 Lord, open the King of *Englands* eyes,
 And then his Majesty will grant
 Renewing of the Covenant.

Thus did he perorat his flitting,
 As at *Tarentum* spiders biting;
 They were affected thereabout,
 According to their Temperament:
 Sanguinians did only laugh,
 Cholerick Melancholians chaff.
 Some bad hang him, some bad stone him,
 And some did Mastives hunt upon him:
 Some Daple under Tail did prick,
 And made him bounce, and leap, and kick
 Some aim'd to tare his Straw Gramashes,

Some eyes, have at beard and mustaches;
 Some grasped him about the middle,
 Till humm did sound like Gambo Piddles;
 Some would have breeches down to whip him
 Some with their Nails would tare & nip him
 Some with briars & thorns would scratch him
 One fearing that they would dispatch him,
 Who was a man more moderat,
 He made a Court'ie with his Hat,
 And begged leave to plead his Cause,
 According to the Nations Law.

Contending with a foolish tongue,
 Quoth he, is but a warr with dung;
 Though in the strife we prove victorious,
 Dirt makes your finger-ends inglorious,
 As lately hapn'd unto one
 Who needs would quarrel *Sanderson*,
 And prove he was a lying knave;
 Of which, what credit could he have;
 When he had done he prov'd no more,
 Then all the VWorld knew before.
 To take such pains, imports as much
 As any doub'd he were such.
 Refuting such as he with words,
 Like Canarie washing Turds:
 The VVine in taste and hue grow meaner,
 As Turds grow ne're a whit the cleaner.

This simile though somewhat rude,
 Yet so appear'd the multitude,

That

His final hour approach't he guessed
 Trembling he stood, in a Quandarie,
 And purg'd, as he had eaten Larie;
 As was confirmed by the speeches
 Of those who alter with his Brethren
 When he perceived the retreat,
 That flight, quoth he, is but a cheat,
 Like that of *Greeks*, for to destroy
 An ancient City called *Troy*,
 By help of that Tree Horse of *Pallas*,
 It is some stratagem of *Wallace*,
 Who in a Pigg-mans Weed, at *Biggen*
 Espied all the *English* Leagure,
 But when he found by certain trial,
 The retreat was not forg'd, but real,
 Then did he resolution show,
 And like a Cock began to crow.

One man, quoth he, oft times hath stood
 And put to flight a multitude,
 Like *Sampson*, *Wallace*, and *Sir Bevis*,
 And *Finmasoul* beside the *Levy*,
 Who in a Bucking time of year
 Did rout and chase a Herd of *Deer*,
 Till he behind, and they before,
 Did run a hundred Miles and more;
 Which questionless prejudg'd his Toes,
 For Red shanks then did wear no shoes,
 For to this day they wear but Call ones,
 Or, if of older Leather, half-ones.
 He chased them so furiously,

The

That by degrees their clamour fell,
 Like sound of Lute string, or of Bell;
 When Thumb, or Hammer of a Clock
 Gives the Epilogizing stroak.
 And in the end, these furious Cryers
 Hood silent like oblervant Friars,
 Or like to Dumbies making Sings,
 Or like to Fiddles wanting Strings,
 Or like to Salmon, or to Codds;
 Or Turks, when they took in the *Rhodes*,
 Then piece and piece they dropt away,
 As ripe Plumbs in a rainy day;
 Till in the end they all were gone,
 And left them standing all alone:
 Like as, we do observe and see
 In those who are condemn'd to die;
 That they are sore annoy'd and troubled,
 At first, when they cast on their Doublet;
 Tuss up their hair, their Eyes blind fold,
 That they may not grim Death behold:
 Thinking their neck the stroak is hard on,
 Any tell them of a Pardon.
 Although their heart be lighted somewhat,
 Yet Fear and Hope fight still a Combat,
 Till that they hear the Air to ring
 With Clamours of, *GOD save the King*:
 When Hope triumphs, and Fear doth vanish
 Like grief, when it's expell'd by *Spanish*,
 As to the Squire, when all at once
 They him oppress with Fists and stones:
 A gelid fear his heart possessed,

His

That they were forc'd to take the Sea
 And swam from *Camel* into *Arran*,
 In which Soit, though it be but barren,
 As learned *Antiquaries* say,
 Their Offspring lives unto this day.
 But pardon me for such digressions,
 For, were it not for such expressions
 Which from the *Muses* we extort,
 Our Poems would be very short,

Then did the *Squire* obtest, and pray
 And them conjur'd that they would say,
 For he had quarrel against none
 But *Ralph* the *Squire*, and *Sanderson*,
 Which two, as every body knows,
 Are *Presbyterians* mortal Foes:
 Th'one calls them *Bears* by *Allegory*,
 That other Fellow wrote a *Story*:
 In which he doth them scandalize so;
 That all the *Devils* blush, he lies so,
 Thinking it would be liked well;
 He sent a Copy into *Hell*:
 To be perus'd in a *Committie*;
 Then said a *Devil* which was witty,
 It serves for nothing tell the fool
 But to be *Napkins* at the stool.
 When men exonerat their *Tripes*,
 Or lighting of *Tobacco* pipes;
 For *Hells* affairs are ne're achiev'd
 By railing fools, of none believ'd;
Hells fittest Agents, as all grants,

Are those who are reputed Saints;
And thus he made an end of praying.

Then all began to think of staying,
And one another did exhort,
For to return and see the sport;
But *Sanderfon* appeared not,
Nor *Ralph* armed not a jot,
Bravely and resolutely did fall up,
First at the trot, then at the gallop;
Just as the *Hugonots*, victorious
At *Gontras*, charg'd the Duke of *Joveuse*;
And was upon him ere he wist,
Menacing him with Tongue and Fist,
With all the Rable in his Rear,
Who followed him to see and hear.

The Squire, who only spoke in jest,
Seeing what he expected least;
He thought they verily were gone,
And that the storm was over blown,
Surprized with the sudden danger
Of *Ralph*, in such a furious anger,
Whom he thought did already spurn him;
He knew not to what hand to turn him;
At last, his tongue and teeth commences
To vent Adages and Sentences.

It is a saying wise and old,
Quoth he, to make a Bridge of Gold
To fleeing enemies, it's best
To let a sleeping Mastive rest,
Lest he awaken'd with our knockings,
Tare all our Breeches and our Stockings;

And to the boot, our shin-bones hole up,
 And from our Buttocks take a Collop;
 And with his furious teeth our throats cut,
 Down which we watered meal of Oats put;
 VVhich we prefer, with *Loab-Broom* Herring,
 To all the King of *Babel's* farcing.

A foolish tongue, without remead,
 Brings mischief on the owners head;
 It is a Pestilentious Clout,
 Causing contagion all about;
 It raiseth jealousies and fears,
 Yokes Kings and Subjects by the ears;
 What was it else, but tittle tattle,
 That brought our Brethren out to battle?
 What stops them more from turning Loyal,
 Than tongues of some, esteemed Royal?
 With which they persecute those poor souls,
 As setting Dogs do Pouts and Muirfowls;
 At last within their Netts ensnared,
 And from all hope of pardon barred,
 They force these poor men, under hand,
 Still to rebel, to get their Land.

My tongue will bring me to that pass,
 Quoth he to which was *Hudibras*,
 Who when with honour he had got off,
 In the adventure that ye wot of,
 He not content but seeking more,
 Los'd all that he had gain'd before,
 And was bought to a prison Tragick,
 In wooden Castle, made by Magick,
 Where he too late laments his mishaps,
 As Ladies, when they do not Misclaps

From

from Gallants, of their own procuring;
from Husbands, when they go a whooring;

Having dispatch'd this *Pbrygian* wildom,
like Malefactor getting his doom,
He strained what he could to shew
A tres bon mein en may vais Jero.

He out with Basket-bilt and Dudgeon;
(While from his eyes came a deludge on,
As from the eyes of Children whipped,
Or fore Horse-eyes, with Variol nipped,)
stands at his posture, Fencer-like,
And was within an Ace to strike;
Yet on the sudden, doth advise,
To take a course by far more wise.

Wise men, quoth he, as all men knows,
Try all things first, ere they try blows.
When *Rome* to Conquer, all was hasting;
Peace was the first, War was the last thing.
They did practise to subdue Nations,
Who loved not such Innovations.

But the truth of Storie misse not,
This is the *Cardo* of the Dispute.
And if my reason do no good,
He dye their Breeches with their Blood :
But this within himself he mutters,
And then these words to *Ralph* he utters.

What means this furious hurly burly ?
Friend *Ralph* quoth he, I tell thee surely,
I am no privat man, believe,
I am a Representative :
To force me to Degladiations,
Is contrare to the Law of Nations :

Though thou me should bang back and side,
 I could it (Honour safe) abide
 Brave Mansfield, challeng'd by Baumeris,
 Refused once to fight at Paris;
 Because he did Negotiat
 With Publick Trust Affairs of State.
 The Spanish Agent Don Henriques,
 Put up a great affront of Critiques;
 Who once at Rome, his pride to danton;
 His Nose saluted with a Panton.
 Dost thou esteem me such a Coward;
 To be afraid of one as thou art?
 Thy threatnings are like Childrens Squibs,
 Though they singe Cloaths, they break no
 Were it not that my Sword is rusted, (Ribs
 Were it not that I entrusted
 With things of such a high concernment;
 As Presbyterian Church-Government;
 For all thy frownings and thy cloudings,
 I would send Sun-shine through thy Puddings,
 I do then as a Friend advise,
 ('Tis better soon then late be wise)
 That thou would let alone this Sword fight,
 And grapple with me in a Word-fight;
 Let's try who others best can Confute,
 This is the Cardo of the Dispute,
 If Synod-members, and Church-wardens
 Be Bears, and Synods be Bear Gardens.
 Thou dost affirm, I do deny,
 Prov't if thou can, I thee defy.

One might have known by Ralpho's face,
 He lov'd not War so well as Peace;

He only counterfeited courage;
 His wrath, teeth forward, was not true rage;
 Yet he his passion so dissembled,
 That Squire at first both shak'd & trembled :
 But when he heard the Squire speak big words,
 That in his Belly he would dig Swords,
 He looked then as if his Nose bled,
 And such a Flea within his Hose had
 That in his mind was great confusion;
 Till he considered the Conclusion;
 Where Peace was offered and the War gone;
 He gave God thanks, like Praise God Bairden,
 A good heart to himself he took then,
 And these same very words he spoke then,
 Which once the great Turk *Solymanus*
 Spoke to *Valerius Lilodamus*;
 Saving him under, at such odds,
 That he was forc'd to quite the *Rhodes*.
 I'm glad to hear that now thy mind
 Is more to Peace then VVar inclin'd;
 Then adds he, fighting is a fool thing,
 What doth it else but sturt and dool bring,
 'Tis better Tongues decide the matter,
 Then other Noddles pelt and batter.
 Now others back, now others Dock hit,
 As feathered Fencers do in Cock-pit;
 Who fights but in their own detences,
 Let them be Kings, let them be Princes,
 By Law and Reason I them can bind,
 That they are enemies to mankind;
 As witnesseth Sir *Thomas Kellie*,
 And *Grotius de Jure Belli*.

What are such Warriours but Oppressors,
 And many times we see Aggressors,
 Who trouble other mens repose,
 Gain nothing else but bloody Noses,
 Who quarrels pick with Neighbour Nations,
 Get Halbertsthurst through their Foundations,
 As we may read in many a Book
 Of *Charles that Burgundian Duke*.

Poor High-way-men, with tattered hose, are
 Not Robbers half so great, as those are,
 Who Diadems wear on their head,
 And make so many living dead,
 And so much Christian blood mispends,
 Either for *French* or *Spanish* ends:

The first, poor Rogues, will pick a pocket,
 And break a Door up when its locker,
 And on the High way will a purse take,
 When cold and hunger makes their Guts ache
 Thole later, with their Armies Legions,
 Rob Kingdoms, Castles, Towns and Regions
 As said two ten Tuns Ships Commander
 To *Macedonian Alexander*.

But now, let us come to the question,
 The which was raised the contest on,
 Since thou so hard dost put me to it,
 I'll let thee see that I can do it:
 And have both will and wit to reckon,
 And beat thee at thy own tongue weapon,
 Better perhaps than thou believes,
 I'll prove these two Affirmatives;
 That Synod Members, and Church-wardens
 Are Bears; and Synods are Bear-Gardens,

Th

Thus said, his fingers he dispatches
 Unto his head, and winking scratches;
 First from the Van, unto the Reer,
 And then athwart, from ear to ear;
 While like sagacious Hound, he traces;
 And windeth all the Topick places;
 Till in the end prepared *Satis*
 He disputes thus a *Comparatis*.

And first, quoth he, its clear to all;
 They have the same Original:
 For twenty shillings to a bodle,
 Both are the birth of Human nodle;
 Both are in that degree of kin;
 As other Brethren uterine,
 Its certain, there is never a word
 Of either, in Scripture, or record:
 And without question and all doubt,
 Thus Bear-baiting may be made out
 By holy writ, as lawfull as is,
 That Chain of Presbyterian Classis.
 This for their Birth, now for their Nature
 If with deliberation-mature
 The case we ponder, beasts of prey
 And Rapine, as are Bears are they
 Who do establish Gospel order
 By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder.
 What are their Orders, Constitutions;
 Church censures, Curses, Absolutions?
 But several mystick Chains they make,
 To ty poor Christians to the Stake:
 And then let Heathen Officers,
 In stead of dogs, about their ears:

VVhat

What else are Synods, but Bear garden,
 Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
 And other members of the Court
 Manage the *Babylonish* sport :
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a meer word :
 Both are but several Synagogues
 Of Carnal men, and Bears, and Dogs
 Both Antichristian Assemblies,
 To mischief bent, as *Asa's* in them lyes :
 Both strive and tangle with fierce contests,
 The one with Men, the other Beasts ;
 The difference is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth ;
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In th'others Souls and Consciences.

This to the Prophet did appear
 Who in a vision saw a Bear
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church-rule, in this latter age,
 Where every Hamlet is govern'd
 By's Holiness, the Churches head :
 More haughty, and severe in's place,
 Then *Hildebrand*, or *Bonifaer*.
 Such Church, must surely be a Monster
 With many heads, for if we Consider
 What in the *Apocalypse* we find,
 According to th' *Apostles* mind ;
 Tis that the *VVhoore* of *Babylon*,
*VV*ith many heads, did ride upon.

The Pastors who do rule this Kirk,
*VV*hat are they, but the handy wark

Of Mens Mechanick paws: instilling
 Divinity in them, by feeling.
 From whence they start up, chosen Vessels,
 As folks, by touching, get the meazles.
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th'other end, the new made Pope.
 Bell and Dragon's Chaplains; were
 More moderat then them, by far:
 For they, poor Knaves, were glad to cheat;
 To get their VVives and Children meat,
 But these will not be sob'd off so,
 They must have wealth and power too;
 Or else they'l make their party good,
 By making Nations sweem with blood.
 And thus I reasoned the Case,
 Once with my Master *Hudibras*.
 All that I said was too prolix,
 Here to repeat, I only fix
 Upon the Morrow, with a few words;

What thou has said's not worth two Cows
 Reply'd the Squire, & then he smites (Turds
 Fore-head with Fist, to rouse his wits;
 Which straight did take the Alaram so hot,
 That down to Tongue and Teeth they got:
 From whence, thus worded out, they flee,
 Like bullets from Artillerie.

Ye Sectaries, quoth he, have bee heads;
 They prats, a *Cerberus*, with three heads:
 Neither of which barks any bon-sence,
 But railing, blasphemy, and nonsense:
 Thou'rt ignorant in Logicks Art,
 As I will show thee ere we part.

But

But to the point, now I will close;
 And reason *And reason*
 And first, I lay, for my defence;
 Thy Argument wants Consequence;
 Though things agree to both together,
 It follows not the one's the other.
 Affirmatives, in second figure,
 Nothing conclude in Logicks Figure;
 Which any constant Man believes,
 So we may prove *Financiers* Thieves;
Camelions Beef and Cabbage Eaters,
 And Lawyers, and Physitians, cheaters;
 That Horse are Men, and Owls are Ounces;
 That Privie Counsellors are Dunces:
 That Chamber pots are Looking Glasses,
 And Senators of Justice Asses:
 That Colledges, and Mules Caverns
 Are Bawdie houses turn'd, and Taverns;
 That Stews are places of Contrition,
 And Pulpets Trumpets of Sedition:
 And *Merlines* Prophecies Evangels,
 And *Dees* Spirits holy Angels:
 That all new Scurvies are the Pox,
 That Quakers Books are Orthodox:
 That rosted Wildcat is fed Lam,
 That *Gresham* Colledge is a *Bedlam*:
 Most of our first Reformers bad-men,
 And all the House of Commons mad-men:
 That Tallow Cakes are Ambergreece,
 That Sun and Moon are *Cheshire* Cheese;
 And Whigg, as loyal in Opinions,
 As any of the Kings Dominions.

This

This For thy form, now for thy ~~ragged~~;
 Thou rails on some, others to flatter:
 Thy *Medium's* seeming true, yet false are,
 As Turnips growing in the Paltzar;
 Or any other fertile ground,
 Hollow with worms, though skin be found:
 Like Apples in the Lake of Sodom,
 Like Beauties claped in the bodom:
 Like sour Drink in Silver Tankers:
 Like Golden Petticoats on Shankers:
 Like bald Heads with Periwigs:
 Like sweet Powder on frilled Giggs;
 With Aged Ladies now in Fashion,
 When they would play beside the Cushion

But who reason in generals,
 Th'argument contentions and brauls;
 They bring but Bout-gates, and Golinzierj
 Like *Dempster* disputing with *Menzies*.
 Men hardly can scratch others Faces,
 When they are distant twenty paces:
 I'll neerer come thy thrusts to paree,
 Whereas thou dost Argumentaree;
 That Bear-baiting may be made out,
 Without all question and doubt,
 By holy Writ, as lawful as is,
 Lay-elder-Presbyterian Classis.
 Though few be clear, how doth the thing goe
 I answer unto the *distinguo*,
 For if thou mean by Text exprefs,
 Thou spea'st the Truth to all confess
 This is our Orthodox Defence
 Presbyteries prov'd by Consequence.

It is no Popish superstition,
By consequential tradition
To prove an Article of Faith;
As learned *Polyander* saith.

What have our Doctors else to say
For Pædobaptism, or that day
Which chang'd was, when the Church spoke
From last to first day of the Week. (Greek
If thou were put to this distress.

To prove Bishops by word express.
Then Oyster-wives might lock their Fishup,
Come to the Streets, and cry, No Bishop.

Whereas thou dost affirm and say,
Presbytry-men are beasts of Prey
Who do establish Gospel-order
By Rapine; Sacrilege, and Murder;
Thy reason hear both but and ben halts,
It's not the causes, but the mens faults.
Unto that Sore, I gave this Plaister,
When I did dispute with my Master;
To blame a cause, for persons vices
Is one of Satans main devices,
Wherewith he very oft doth make
Well meaning Men the truth forsake,
It's not superfluous and vain
To tell a good Tale ov'r again.

None can deny but these things fell out;
But the true cause thou dost not smell out;
Thy fallacy consists in this,
Thou mak'st a cause where no cause is.
Children are teach'd in the Schools,
Who reason so, they are but fools.

Was never yet a Reformation
 Of Church, in any Age or Nation;
 But still the Devil, to make it vain,
 The outmost of his wits doth strain:
 He beats all Hell up with a tabor,
 To make Reformers lose their labour:
 When first he sees he doth no good
 By persecution and blood,
 By seeming Sheep, and yet but Goats;
 By Weeds appearing Wheat and Oats,
 By seeming Diamonds, yet but Glats,
 By seeming Gold, and yet but Brats,
 By Serpents in appearance Fish,
 By Silver Purses fill'd with Pish,
 By Saints without, and Fiends within;
 He strives the cause to undermine:
 As is recorded in the Pages
 Of Stories written in all Ages:
 When Christ appeared, came a *Thudas*,
 And with Saint Peter, came a *Judas*,
 With Luther, Rotmans Knipper-dolings,
 Who troubled Munster with their foolings:
David Georges, *Johns of Leyden*,
 As is at large describ'd by *Sleyden*.
 When Calvin came, then came *Socinians*:
 When *Perbins* came, then came *Arminians*:
 With *Hendersons*, and *Cants*, and *Trails*,
 Game some, who whisked Ladies Tails.
 Who for such take, are to blame, as
 One would revile St. Paul for Demas.
 And others also came, to wit,
 Those Locusts of th' infernal pit:

VVho

Who seem'd at first all Covenant-takers;
 But straight turned Anabaptists, Quakers;
 Artemonites, Photinians,
 Servetians, Socinians,
 Manicheans, Novatians,
 Scepticks, and Corpectocians;
 Prochanits, Sabellians,
 Setheans, Circumcellians;
 Herodians, Herminians,
 Somonians, Arminians,
 Docitheans, Menapdrians,
 Eunomeans, Caslandrians,
 Eutichians, Nestorians,
 And Doctor *Henry Morians*;
 Noetians, and Martionites,
 Gnosticks, and Anthropomorphites;
 Gortheans, and Calphurnitans,
 And Mr. *Gilbert Butnetians*;
 Melotians, and Arrians,
 And Anisabatarians;
 Helvidians, Cainians,
 Columbian, Agrippinians;
 Some Chiliafts, and Latnperians;
 Some prove Melchizedecians,
 Cleobians, Florinians,
 And some prove Maximinians;
 Abelian, Thebusians,
 Ophites, and Pepusians,
 Rhetorians, Quintilianists,
 Circoterists, Pristilianists,
 Eucratits, Herimogenians,
 Matians, and Origenians,

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Corinthians, and Alogians:
 Some half some whole Pelagians,
 Some Antitax, some Montences,
 Alcitæ some, some Royatenes,
 Some Donarists, Volesians,
 Some Archonticks, some Arians
 And some turn Theodotians;
 Tatcodrongits, Nepotians,
 And some Disciples turn'd of Brown,
 Who first infected every Town,
 Doritheans, and Fratricels,
 Some Neilorists, with Hood and Bells;
 Some Transilvanian Tribes,
 Who once made drunk with Aquavitz:
 VVith Fists *Alfredus* did belabour,
 And tore the Bread of *Bethlehem Gabor*:
 Some *Adamits*, who as the speech is,
 Cast off their Petticoats and Breeches:
 Some other Hereticks more grots,
 Describ'd by *Alexander Ross*,
 For which at present I want time,
 And though I had, I have not Rhime.

That Thy Bear smile may jump,
 Those were our Tails, that was our Rump;
 VVhich from our Buttocks Being broke off,
 Did all these horrid things you spoke of.
 But if you still insist to rail,
 Saying we did them with our Tail:
 That cavel's very quickly put off,
 'Twas with our Tails, when they were cut off
 It with my cut off Arms and Legs
 Thou Bishops Noddles Crush like Eggs,

Not I, late owner of the same;
 But thou who strikes, must bear the blame.
 It's true indeed, at the beginning
 VVe smelled those things were a spinning,
 But who leads Ladies through the streets,
 Expecting Favour within Sheets;
 Coming to places, ty upon't,
 VVhere none but one can pass in front;
 So Barricado'd is the way,
 VVith emptied Priories, Mire and Clay:
 If they find no clean place to stand on,
 Yet e're their Mistresse they abandon,
 Through dung they march, like a bold Fellow
 Till Shoes and Stockings grow Gold yellow.
 This is our case, if I have skill,
 Make the *Apodofis* who will,
 The sum is in our ends, we mean well,
 Though means we us'd, cannot sustain well.
 VVhereas thou sayest, our Constitutions,
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 Are several Mysticks Chains we make,
 To ty poor Christians to the Stake:
 And then let Heathen Officers
 Instead of Dogs about their ears.
 At all thou dost not prove the question,
 The which was rais'd the contest on,
 Madnels within thy Brains hath far got,
 Proving them Bears, thou proves they are not.
 VVhoever yet did see or hear,
 That Bears yoke't Dogs upon a Bear;
 As laid thy Master, that brave man too,
 VVho reason'd better than I can do,

If Synod-Members, and Church-wardens
 Be no Bears, Synods no Bear gardens
 Are, as to these is evident, *Satis*,
 VWho reason can a *Conjugatis*.
 Thus worle then any Man believes;
 Thou proves these two Affirmatives:
 And after thou has crack't so crouse,
 Thy Mountains do bring forth a Mouse:
 VWhereas thou Presbytry dost Conster
 To be th' *Apocalyptick* Monster;
 Likewise to be this very Bear
 VWhich to the Prophet did appear;
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church rule in this latter age.
 Thou dost interpret Scripture odly,
 That thou may'st rail upon the Godly:
 A Scripturest thou proves, as he was,
 In whole fool Bonnet-case a Bee was;
 VWho needs would Presbytry have the Cabal
 Deciphered of the VVhore of *Babel*;
 The *Antichrist* which Saints blood spilled,
 And *Enoch* and *Elias* killed.
 He was so mad, he thought no shame
 Those very murdered Saints to name,
 It's sure he either was distracted,
 Or on a Stage the Fool he acted.
 I'm confident, and do believe,
 If these two brave Men were alive,
 They would get *Bedlam* for their pains,
 VWho hatch such glosses in their brains,
 It's lamentable many deem
 None love the King, but who blasphemē,
 And

And still make holy Write the Scale, on
 Which they take measures for to rail on.
 Presbyteric for the King more stout, as
 Those whom the very Children stout, as
 Champions, who though tongue valiant,
 Yet meeting with a fierce assailant,
 Though with their tongue they take his part;
 Their Actions are not with a fart.
 They may well drink his health in Taverns;
 And speak big words in Holes & Caverns.
 Devising Stories, Lies, and Fables;
 Call his most Loyal Subjects Rebels;
 But when they come to blows and knocks,
 They face about, and turn their Docks.
 Runes to their Pottle, which they mind most,
 Crying, the Devil take the hind most.

Where thou lay'st, Preachers of our Kirk;
 And Pastors, are the handie-work
 Of Mens Mechanick paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling:
 From whence they start up chosen Vessels;
 As men by touch get Itch and Meazels.
 I see not clearly what thou means here;
 I think thou blasphemy sustains here:
 This with our Church Monomachie
 Ends with a Gigantomachie.
 First, having fallen on her out-works;
 Or hedge, thy fancy roud about works;
 Till in the end thou find occasion,
 Thinking she can make no evasion:
 Then thou with this blasphemous dart
 Thinks for to shoot her through the heart:

Like

Like Malefactor ty'd to post,
By railing on the Holy Ghost:
The Author of Manual Impolition;
By Text exprest and by Tradition,
Thy own and other souls deluding,
By such prophane similituding,
No *Porphyre*, *Julian*, or *Celsus*,
(As all the Ancient Stories tells us)
The Christian Faith blasphem'd as thou doth;
And others like thee, not a few doth:
Who bred, out of the peccant humours
Of this our Church, like Weins and Tumors;
Like Maggots bred within a sore,
VVould that which gave them life devour.
Thou'lt say, these last four Lines were stolen;
I answer with that Red-shank tullen;
Once challenged for stealing Beef,
I stole then from another Thief,
Now since thy Sophistrie's confuted,
I end, to have my Lungs recruited.

VVhen *Ralph* intended to reply,
His voice was drowned with a cry
Of those, contending who the better
Had, of the Champions, some the Latter;
Some the first, and some said neither,
And some affirm'd, they knew not whether.

There was, amongst the rest, a fellow
Of swarthie hue. inclin'd to yellow;
His hide enambl'd with itch was,
He just splea footed like a VVitch was:
He was both broad and tall of person,
VVith a long Sword behind his Arle on,

H 2

VVhich

Which he said was to serve the King;
Some think he meant another thing:
However he was such a person
'Twas thought among them all was scarce one
Who better understood how things went,
What Rumps and Presbyteries designs meant,
And the Kings too, it's known he
Had some time served all the Three.
They all conjured then alone him,
That he would take the speech upon him,
And finally decide the matter,
Who had the worst, who had the better:
Which unto him would be but small pains,
Who under all had made no small gains;
At which request the Cacodæmon
Upon him took to be Palemon.
While Advocats of both the Parties
With earnest and with piercing heart eyes
Expect his doome, like Nero praying
For Justice to his Fiddle playing.

It's sport, quoth he, to be Spectators
To such a pair of Gladiators:
To see how they on other thump,
He the Lay-elders, he the Rump,
Others affront with such disgraces,
And so throw dung on others Faces.
When thieves reckon, it's oft-times known,
That honest people get their own.
By sad experience found it was, how
That both these parties, *pari passu*
Had ruine brought, and delolations
On their own, and their Neighbours Nations
When,

When one the other had ov'come,
 And trode all under foot at home,
 Then they lend out their wooden high-towers
 To trouble the Repose of Neighbours:
 And some times hither, some times thither,
 Set *Europe* by the ears together:
 That troubled with their mutual factions,
 They might not pry into their actions:
 Which were, as all the World doth ken,
 Abhorred both by GOD and Men.
 Nought more secureth desperate matters,
 Than fishing deth in troubled waters,
 By such like policy and slight,
 They brought their power to such a height,
 That *Denmark*, *Holland*, *France*, and *Spain*,
 And *Sweden* did strive with might and main,
 VVith humble and submissive Speeches,
 To get the first kiss of their Breeches.
 They brought upon all such a terror,
 All seem'd to idolize their error,
 But thanks to GOD, and *Albemarle*,
 VVe now delivered are from peril.

But none to thee, reply'd the Squire;
 (His breast so filled was with ire,
 That's eyes both sparkled and scintilled)
 Like VVolf, or VVild-cat, when it's killed:
 It's known thou didst what e're thou could,
 (But yet not such as thou would)
 To make us still under that peril
 VVhich was remov'd by *Albemarle*.
 To prospering King Loyal to wonder,
 Still Traitor to him when at Under.

When thou, at playing with both hands,
 Has got inheritance and Lands,
 Thou takes upon thee now to teach,
 And like a Fox, to Lambs doth Preach,
 That both of us did delolations
 And ruin bring upon the Nations;
 I answer, both did mischief bring,
 We by mistake, they by design:
 When all is true thou say'st, yet that's but
 Like Monkeys Chasnuts, with a cats foot
 Pulling from Ashes, or from Embers:
 Bathrons for grief of scorched members;
 Doth fall a fissing and meawing,
 While Monkeys are the Chasnuts Chewing;
 Yet more by policy then force,
 They made our Brethren, foot and Horse
 To pull them Chasnuts from the fire,
 And wealth and power to them acquire:
 By which they did all Europ tols,
 While we got infamy and lols.
 Though I should teeth beat, like a labor,
 With tongue, I fear I lose my Labour.
 We by experience do find,
 That a proud stubborn froward mind
 With prejudice intoxicated,
 Can hardly be indoctrinated:
 And yet my labour's not mispent,
 If any be indifferent,
 They'l find, as Sun doth shine in clear day,
 That we were only Rogues by hear-say,
 But fools indeed, which we will mend
 When we grow wiser, ther's an end.

But now I straight will to the King;
 Discharge the Message which I bring;
 Perhaps his Majesty will grant,
 If well informed, what we want.
 However, he will not fail
 To hear till I tell out my tale.
 Though others foam, and fret; and Chaff,
 I hope his Majesty will laff.
 Having thus spoke, his Horse he switches,
 First on the snowt, then on the Breches;
 Who half a sleep, at last we got
 With much difficulty to trot.
 Yet some times paul'd he in the middle;
 Like Cadance keepers to a fiddle;
 With rest alternative, and motion.
 The Squire rides on with great devotion,
 Till he came to his Journeys end,
 H'alights, and doth not long attend;
 When some there came, who did him bring
 Straight to the presence of the King;
 Whom he spying, bow'd his knee,
 And said, ift please your Majestic.
 The Sun indifferently on all shines,
 As well on Low Shrubs, as on Tall Pines:
 God hears the cry's of rich and poor:
 Wise *Solomon*, to right a Whoore
 Resolv'd a doubt, to all mens wonder,
 Feinging to cleave the Child asunder.
 Your Majesties wisdom inherent,
 And goodness, who are Gods Vicegerent,
 Will not disdain to hear complaints
 Of us, though but refections

Ye'l hear me, Sir, Defend our Cause;
 Though it be contrare to the Laws,
 That ye may solve that Gordian knot;
 If we be Rebels, and if not;
 If we be Fools, wh' affirms we're neither;
 He is a liar though my Father.
 I'll use no speech with Art besprinkled,
 Like Fairding on a Face that's wrinkled,
 Without Rhetoricating fond shews,
 While I speak, Sir, as't in the ground grows,
 If ye a-gracious ear afford,
 Sham fall me if I lie a word.

Most Men affirm, they do not see what
 We Non-Conformists now would be at,
 That we're more lundred in Opinions
 Than are the King of *Spains* Dominions;
 Then Gazers on the late new Star were,
 Then the Commanders at *Dunbar* were.
 Then Lawyers and Physicians Counsels;
 Then Wives who kail & herbs in Town sells
 Canvassing things in Church and State,
 When drink has set aloft our Pate.
 Where once w'agree three times we squible,
 As doth a Bag-pipes Bale and Treble.
 One fears that which another hopes for,
 Like Cardinals, when they make Popes, or
 Like Heirs of Line, or Heirs of Tailzies,
 Or Gild, or Tradlemen making Bailies.
 Now whether these be rants or flaws,
 Devis'd, Sir, to defame our cause;
 Or whether there be some thing in it;
 Hear out my Tale, now I begin it,

(III)

If I conjecture not amiss,

The marrow of the matter's this.

Some while ago, Sir, I was sent

Your Majesty to complement,

To beg some Preachers which we wanted;

But e're I came, Sir, they were granted:

When all expected thanks most hearty

To you, from all the Godly party;

I was informed by a Letter,

Were grown the Devil a whit the better,

Our old blind Zeal within us still bides,

VVe haunt Conventicles on Hill sides.

Gives to our Preachers blows and knocks,

For which were put in Irons Stocks.

I wondered what the matter meant,

I thought, Sir, that the Devil was in't,

At length I was inform'd of new,

The fault was only of a few;

Not of us all, and these we ken

Have ever been *Joan Thomson's* Men,

That is still ruled by their VVives,

Who carping at some Preachers lives,

And reading their erroneous Books,

Oppunging Doctrine Orthodox:

Cry'd out, Prophanity and Atheism,

Gross Popery and Arminianism,

Is brought upon us by the Prelats,

VVith such expressions, those Shee zelots

VVrought so upon their Husbands fancy,

That they from Fever fell to Frenzy,

Threw at their Preachers Stones and Clods,

As setters up of other Gods,

As Baal, Beelzebub, and Dragon,
The Apocalyptick Where and Dragon.

Though such proceedings be halt treason;
 Yet to inform you there is reason:
 If any introduce the Schism
 Of Popery, or Arminianisme,
 That Popes, Sir, are most dangerous things
 To Princes, Emperours, and Kings,
 They set their feet upon their neck,
 They make them, Sir, kneel down and beck,
 To hold their Stirrop when they ride,
 And run like Lackeys at their side :
 They make them bow down mouth and nose
 To kiss, and smell, their sweaty toes :
 Makes them stand barefoot at their Gates,
 And buy their peace at monstrous rates.
 They must have from them power all,
 Both Spiritual and Temporal,
 Or they'l hunt men to cut their throats,
 And blow them up with powder plots ;
 As both your Grand-Fathers can tell,
 Yea, they will curse their Souls to hell;
 And give their Kingdoms to another,
 Who pays most to their Bastards Mother,
 Its long since for the Holy Ghost
 At Rome *Olympias* rul'd the Rost :
 Who think the practice far more sweeter
 Of *Simon Magus*, then *Simon Peter*.
 That I speak truth, Sir, within measure,
 Appears by *Don Olympias* Treasure,
 The next Successor of *St. Peter*
 Thought he could take a course no fitter
 Then,

Then part the Simoniack pelf,
 And take the one half to himself.
 Then said one, though a Conclave Brother,
 It went from one Thief to another.

Strange! any Orthodox Divine
 Should doubt who is the Man of Sin?
 Which questionless they had not done;
 If they had read on *Paul* or *John*,
 Who paints him in their Prophecies,
 As they had seen him with their eyes.
 What e're Divine of your Dominions
 Vents to the World such Opinions,
 Let them be Gold, let them be Glals,
 A Serpent lurks within the-Grals
 Its thought the Earl of *Wiltshir's* Spaniel
 Knew Antichrist foretold by *Daniel*,
 And *Paul* and *John*, better then they
 Who study Scripture every day.
 When that the Pope held out his foot
 For to be kissed round about,
 Wondring to see the Carl so vain,
 He snatch'd it till he piss'd again.
 Thus much of those erroneous Books,
 Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox.

Next, Sir, as for thole Preachers lives,
 So much cry'd out on by our Wives
 All the account that I can give on't
 Is, that my Minnie hath the lave on't!
 I wish them keep a sober Diet,
 Or, if they drink, Sir, keep it quiet:
 If openly they haunt the Brewers,
 We'l not secure them from stone throwers

We

We cannot help it for our Life;
 Sir, who can rule a Lawless Wife?
 To make a wilful Wife her firs mend;
 Would put your self, Sir, to your wits end;
 Though they cause whip them through the
 Town,
 Though they them hang, though they them
 drown,
 Seeing Priests drunk at third Bell ringing,
 They'l up with stones, and fall a flinging.
 And thus, Sir, I have shew d you how
 The fault is only of a few,
 And not of all, and their defence
 Is, that they follow Conscience;
 If it be so, by B shops leaves,
 They cannot well be called knaves;
 What e're they be, it may be said,
 Knaves never yet a conscience had.
 And that a greater slander refels,
 If they be no Knaves, they'r no Rebels;
 I doubt any Logician can
 A Rebel prove an honest Man.
 What are they then? we need n'advise;
 They'r poor folks, large as dalt as wise,
 If they be such, and wish you well,
 As others of their actions tell,
 When in the *English* Troupers faces
 They you remembred in their Graces;
 That there may be a solid peace,
 Remove the cause, the effect will cease;
 Take notice of those whimsy Books,
 Which in effect are Heterodox,

If once those Preachers mend their lives,
 There will be no Stone-throwing Wives.
 Forbid them scandalize the Leidges,
 By drinking health to Pots and Bridges,
 To Whore of *Babel*, and to Giggs,
 And to preveen complaints of Whiggs,
 To scratch their skin, cut Caps and Cloaths;
 And swear 'twas Whiggs, with monstrous oaths
 But see misfortune and mishap,
 For scratch of Skin, and cut of Cap
 Examined to strictest rigours,
 Had different Geometrick Figures.
 Though Cap was higher mov'd and thither,
 The wounds could ne're agree together,
 Such scandle makes the Gospel stink,
 Such Books and Priests remov'd, I think
 We'll keep the nine and twenty *May* day,
 On Thursday, Saturday, or Friday,
 On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Munday,
 Or any other day but Sunday.
 Yea, Sir, when ye have ought ado;
 To hazard lives and fortunes too,
 We will be ready at your call,
 Else plague of God upon us all.

Observing how they all espy'd him,
 Chiefly how all the Ladies ey'd him,
 Was none among them all so coy,
 Whom he had not made laugh for joy;
 Believing of them all was scarce one
 That honoured not his parts and person.
 He ears begins to prick, and nigh too,
 Just like a Ston'd Horle in a Meadow:

Yea

Yet curbing, as he could, his passion;
Till he should better learn the fashion:
He made a Congee, and got him down;
To see the rat-ties of the Town.

How he did visit *Bedlam* fool men,
'And disputed with *Gresham* School-men;
Discourſing of their Pigs and VVhittles,
And ſtrange experiments of Muſcles,
Of Reſurrections of Rats,
And of the Language uſ'd by Catts,
VVhen in the Night they go a Cating,
And fall a ſcolding and a prating:
Of their blood borrowing and lending,
And all the Ancients wildom mending;
Perhaps ye'll hear another time,
VVhen I want money and get Rhime.
I have no leaſure for it now
Let it ſuffice, to tell you how,
That going home-wards near to High-gate,
His Muſe had on her ſuch a gay foot,
That ſeeing *London* ſce his view,
He ſtands, and bids it thus, *Adieu*.

From hard Calamaties of VVars;
and ruins cauſ'd by fire,
A noble work thou doſt ariſe,
like *Phenix* from its Sirè.
How ſtately Buildings thee adorn;
and Towers which ſmite the Sky;
VVhole Bells do by their melody,
Apollo's Harp out vy.

Moto

More famous, skilful Artisans;
 the world never had :
 The Merchands worth Nobilitates;
 the wealth he gets by Trade.
 Thy Bishops Zeal and Pietie,
 up through the Heaven's do flee;
 Thy Magistrats, who thee govern,
 might *Roman* Consuls be.
 Immortal vertues eloquence;
 and deep insight of mind;
 Thy Mules, those of *Pallas* Town
 are not a jot behind.
 And as the Sun unto the world
 communicats his light;
 So by the Kings resplendant beams;
 brave Town, thou shines so bright;
 So *Rome* arose, after the *Gauls*
 had it destroy'd by flame.
 Till in the end, the worlds bounds
 and *Romes*, did prove the same,
London, that path by thee begun,
 if thou insist upon,
 Strange, if the worlds Empire and thine
 in end prove not the same.
 But now, thy Buildings flee my sight,
 thy Towers go out of view,
 I bid thee then, with weeping eyes,
 most generous Town, *Adieu*,

The same in Latinē

Post diras Belli clades, flammæque ruinas,
 è cinere ut Phœnix nobile surgis opus.
 Quam decorant Aedes, ferientes fiære turrez;
 pulsibus abjecta cecidit Apollo lyra:
 Artifex elari majore & acumine nusquam;
 mercator meritis nobilitavit opes;
 Prasulis insignis pietas perfregit Olympum;
 Consulibus potuit Roma vetusta Regi;
 Moribus, eloquio, mentisq; indagine Musis:
 attica non major docti Camæna tuis:
 Ut Phœbus mundum perfundit lumine Regis
 sic splendet radiis Urbs generosa tui.
 Gallica sic crevit post dira incendiâ Roma
 tandem idem limes Orbis & Urbis erat:
 Londinum incepto si pergas tramite mirum!
 imperium fuerit ni Orbis & Urbis idem.
 Nunc Aedes visum fugiunt, subsidere turrez
 aspicio lacrimans; Urbs generosa, Vale.

F I N I S

